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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

The following is specially addressed to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church. With all due respect we ask them to read it, and as we have not yet seen any opinion published from them on the subject which must surely concern them deeply, we invite them to express their opinions in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE WAR ON RELIGION

A Five Year Plan has been organised by the Union of Militant Godless in Russia to "release the working masses from religious prejudices." During 1935 the Union aims at enrolling 13,000,000 members, and by 1937 it has estimated for 22,000,000 members.

"SEMINARIES in Moscow, and elsewhere, are training groups of men with a view to sending them out into other countries, and reports to hand from the Dominions, the United States and many other countries show how effectively this is being done.

"ANOTHER disturbing factor is that sixty powerful Soviet radio stations are spreading their propaganda over the entire world.

"THE Soviet Union under a workers' and peasants' government is the only country in the world where religion and the churches are being combatted with the active co-operation of the Government."—"The Church and the Workers," by Bennett Stevens.

AND the following is an extract from "Religion in the U.S.S.R." by the President of the Union of the Militant Godless in Russia. It shows the intensity with which the anti-God campaign is being waged:

"AN anti-religious centre must be created to assist the Communist Parties of all countries to guide this constantly growing movement against religion and the clergy, because this is a part of the class struggle and as such is not only meritable, but an essential part of the struggle against the Capitalist world—part of the struggle for Communism."

AN official Moscow pamphlet says: "Religion is the bitter enemy of the world revolutionary movement The clergy of all countries are helping the capitalists in their warfare against the workers and peasants, and actively participating in the preparation of new wars by the imperialists and in the organisation of attack on socialism."

Max Epstein, Vice-Commissar for Education, has ordered every school throughout the Soviet to intensify "anti-religious education."

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Notes of the Week

Patriotism Does It

Bravo Hitler! Germany at least is governed by a man who loves Germany and not by a gang of international humbugs like this *poor country*.

The Only British Empire

"The only real British Empire is the Indian Empire." This point is made in *G.K.'s Weekly* by Mr. G. K. Chesterton whom no one could accuse of being a jingo. There are Dominions and Colonies, but only one Empire. Alas! that so many who pay service to the Imperial ideal should have fallen so low as not to oppose—even to support—that White Paper policy which is the betrayal of our Indian Empire.

The Blackest Pact

It used to be boasted some twenty years ago that what Lancashire thought to-day England thought to-morrow. True, it was a Liberal slogan in the days when "Libs" were a fighting force and when they held most of the Lancashire seats. For, certainly, within recent years Lancashire has been hopelessly slow in the uptake; otherwise her manufacturers and operatives would have seen that they were represented by M.P.'s who looked after her trade. Now, too late in the day, she wakes up to find that the egregious Walter Runciman has imposed another of his damnable black pacts upon her. The Indian tariff on British cotton goods, which used to be 5 per cent., is now placed permanently at 25 per cent. as a minimum, and when the Congress Wallahs obtain control they will make it anything they like. It is the blackest pact which even Mr. Runciman has produced.

Lancashire Slave-Labour Competitors

Cowardice and Internationalism are the twin ugly sisters responsible for this. Gandhi, who on the pretence of high motives started the boycott on British goods and lorded it over Lords Reading and Halifax in turn, was of course only the servant of the Parsee and Hindoo mill-owners, who financed his campaign and who wax rich by sweating their employees. Mechanised production methods and the giving away of trade production secrets have caused this enormous and real revolution in industry. If cotton-spinning can be conducted by the cheapest-grade labour in Bombay or Madras or in Japan at about one-fifth of the cost, unhampered by the various Government restrictions and Trade Union demands which dominate the British industrialist, Lancashire must lose her markets. International financiers are quick to see these opportunities and to use every effort to bring such things to pass. The British Government hastens to capitulate, and Lancashire starves. Supposing we had a Government which put on countervailing duties on Indian products and compelled the Indian industrialists to pay fair wages, it would be a different matter. Hands up, however, is the "National" Government's policy.

Men Who Did NOT Surrender

We must continue this Lancashire betrayal for one more paragraph. If Mr. Runciman had had the interests of Lancashire at heart, as is his job, why did he not consult the 60 Lancashire Members of Parliament before taking such a fatal step? Why did he sign it behind their backs? The effect of his underhand act is that more looms will be silent, and thousands more hard-working mill-workers will be driven to despair. Why did not the Lancashire M.P.'s send a requisition to him to demand an interview before it was too late? To be fair to the county's representatives, there were several who voted against the Government in the

India Debate on December 12th. They alone can hold their heads high and meet their constituents with a clear conscience. The full list of anti-surrenderists is as follows:—

Lieutenant-Colonel G. Acland-Troyte, Sir W. Alexander, Sir W. Allen, Lieutenant-Colonel Applin, Lieutenant-Commander Astbury, the Duchess of Atholl, Mr. E. A. G. S. Bailey, Mr. Michael Beaumont, Sir R. Blaker, Sir A. Boyd-Carpenter, Mr. B. Bracken, Major A. N. Braithwaite, Colonel J. Broadbent, Brigadier-General H. Clifton Brown, Mr. A. C. Browne, Mr. J. G. Burnett, Colonel H. W. Burton, Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, Major Carver, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Churchill, Sir Cyril Cobb, Major J. S. Courtauld, Sir Reginald Craddock, Mr. W. Craven-Ellis, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, Sir H. Page Croft, Sir W. Davison, Sir Philip Dawson, Mr. A. C. N. Dixey, Mr. P. W. Donner, Mr. C. Emmott, Captain Erskine-Bolst, Mr. W. L. Everard, Captain A. G. Fuller, Colonel A. W. Goodman, Mr. W. P. C. Greene, Colonel Gretton, Mr. Howard Gritten, Lord Hartington, Mr. M. J. Hunter, Sir G. Jones, Sir Roger Keyes, Mr. L. Kimball, Sir Alfred Knox, Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, Mr. T. Levy, Captain J. H. Lockwood, Sir Joseph McConnell, Mr. Adam Maitland, Commander Marsden, Sir Joseph Nall, Colonel W. Nicholson, Mr. W. Nunn, Sir Charles Oman, Sir Basil Peto, Mr. R. Purbrick, Mr. H. V. Raikes, Sir Cooper Rawson, Sir William Ray, Mr. D. D. Reid, Mr. J. R. Remer, Sir Nairne Sandeman, Sir Frank Sanderson, Colonel T. Sinclair, Mr. John Slater, Mr. A. A. Somerville, Vice-Admiral Taylor, Mr. W. P. Templeton, Mr. L. T. Thorp, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Todd, Mr. G. C. Touche, Sir W. Wayland, Mr. S. R. Wells, Mr. H. G. Williams, Mr. A. R. Wise, and Lord Wolmer.

Three Conservatives—Lord Scone, Sir Patrick Ford and Mr. George Balfour—were paired against the Government.

The working classes should stand by these men, but for the rest, when the General Election comes along, there will be a pretty landslide for the Government adorned by such Ministers as Mr. Walter Runciman and other like birds of a feather.

♦♦

The Saar is Hitler's

The Saar is returning to Germany, as it should, for it is unquestionably German. We cannot pretend to find anything strange about its determination to free itself of the League, but what is really impressive in its decision is the overwhelming majority for Hitler—practically 91 per cent. of all the votes. It is a triumph for him, and after this manifestation of his power it is impossible to credit stories of his lost hold on Germany and her people; in fact, the result of the plebiscite is a serious warning to the rest of Europe and, most of all, to England of the strength of Hitlerism. And if Hitler seizes on the occasion to proclaim his peaceful intentions, it may well be asked whether a man who is so plainly not a fool would or could in the circumstances do anything else? He has now made himself solid with the Reichswehr, and the "Generals," who certainly are not pacifists, will guide and determine his foreign policy.

♦♦

A Potato Dole

Yet one more Board to make confusion worse confounded. Earl De La Warr, our Socialist Under-Secretary for Agriculture, has promised a Potato Marketing Board which is to sell potatoes

to the unemployed at about half the prevailing price. The greengrocer will receive a penny a stone for the half-price potatoes purchased by his unemployed customers, but in reality this so-called "experiment" is just such a try-out of Socialism as this Government elected by Conservative votes is perpetually indulging in. Work is what the unemployed need and doles of potatoes can only mean increasing the roll of the workless by driving the small traders out of business.

♦♦

Another Peace Plan

Our wretched Government is unteachable. Its experience of the fate which has overtaken all former peace plans has not sufficed to discourage it from making another attempt. The genesis of the new plan is being variously described. According to the Government Press, the conclusion of the Franco-Italian Pact and the certainty of the return of the Saar to Germany provided the favourable moment of its birth. It was said that there was a much better atmosphere in Europe, and the time was opportune for getting Germany back to the League and for reopening discussions on disarmament, with a prospect of a limitation of arms convention. All very pretty and sweetly reasonable, but there is another story.

♦♦

The Rivals

Whatever may be the atmosphere in Europe, the atmosphere in Downing Street is, if the story is to be trusted, not particularly serene, because of a certain rivalry—a contest of jealous personalities in high places. As the story goes, our young, glib, clever and ever-ready Anthony Eden, who after all is only the Lord Privy Seal, came so very fully into the limelight during the meetings of the League Council in December that the effulgence of Sir John Simon, who is really Foreign Secretary, suffered a perfectly intolerable eclipse. Not irremediable, however. Sir John snatched at the first opportunity presented by the situation of shedding his brightening beams on all and sundry, including the Cabinet. And so, the new plan! For a time he shone at full strength, and then he found to his disgust that the Quai d'Orsay people were not as completely illuminated as he had expected. Whereat the "other fellow" must have chuckled.

♦♦

An Autumn Election?

But there is still another explanation of the origin of the new plan, and it is possible there may be something in it. We do not pretend to know whether the Government has decided on a General Election in the autumn, but the report that it has done so is widely current. There is,

most unfortunately, a considerable body of pacifist sentiment in the country, and though the Government, with its attachment to the League and its predilection for the Disarmament Conference, has done much to strengthen that sentiment, it is abjectly afraid of it, and fears that it will not support it when it comes to a vote. Some means of appeasing that hostility has to be discovered, and hence this new peace plan, with its renewed talk of bringing Germany into the "fold" again and of a convention for the limitation of armaments.

As it stands, the plan is plainly a fresh surrender to Germany, but it may turn out to be, like its predecessors, just another paper plan, if France holds to the declaration she made by Barthou in his famous Note of April 17 of last year, when he refused to discuss armaments with Germany so long as she continued to violate the Treaty of Versailles.

* *

Our C3 Youth

"The standard of our national physical soundness is lamentably low." These words, from the mouth of Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, demand the nation's attention. There was a time when this country could boast an undisputed pre-eminence in games and athletic prowess. Those days have passed away. Our rivals beyond the sea have adopted our keenness on sports, and their enthusiasm and training is carrying them ahead, while so many of our youth are left stumbling in the C3 slough of slackness and negligence.

The Chief Scout has appointed a physical training expert to be health adviser to the Boy Scouts' Association, and a campaign to achieve physical fitness in the rising generation has been set on foot. As Lord Baden-Powell has himself said: "Mussolini has shown how by proper organisation it is possible within one generation completely to alter for the better the health and stamina of a nation."

* *

The Scouts' Campaign

Dr. Lewis Walker, the Scout health adviser, has drawn up a report on the results of his examination of troops of Boy Scouts. In certain cases he found that only 30 per cent. of the boys were physically fit, while 70 per cent. were developing physical defects. On the other hand, in two large troops where there was routine physical training, 90 per cent. of the boys were fit.

Dr. Walker is convinced that the main cause of unfitness is over-civilisation. "Sitting in buses, in schools and offices, sitting at the pictures, sitting over the wireless and failing to take proper exercise, coupled with constant colds caught in overheated and unventilated surroundings, are the main causes of these physical defects."

All patriots will support the Chief Scout's effort to provide the nation with better athletic training and to extend the blessings of fitness to all classes in the State. We cannot afford to drop far behind in the race in which we once led so easily. Abroad, physical training has been organised on a national scale, and the attainment of health and strength is regarded as a national duty. The Boy Scouts are setting an example that every school in Britain should follow.

* *

Vulnerable Oil Supply

The oil-pipe line, opened with ceremony by King Ghazi of Iraq on Monday, has been acclaimed as a triumph of engineering organisation. So it may be, but it gives one profoundly to think. This river of oil runs through 1,150 miles of pipe from Kirkuk, branching by a northern section through French Syria, and the other across the desert, Trans-Jordania, to Haifa. This pipe line in case of war would need defending from sabotage over its vast length, and, what with Persia, Turkey and the Iraqi themselves, should our interests not lie side by side with theirs, its vulnerability is apparent. Moreover, coming through the Mediterranean Sea, apart from France and Italy, who might or might not always be our allies, other hostile Powers would find many opportunities to cause damage and, in any case, the transport would require tremendous convoys. Why have the Government made us, with coal but no oil, utterly dependent on oil fuel?

* *

Alternative Fuelling Needed

We understand that expert naval authorities have been endeavouring for some time to induce Mr. Baldwin to receive a deputation on the necessity of using a dual system of firing in all big ships instead of being dependent solely on oil. The efforts have been entirely unsuccessful, and no explanation is vouchsafed. As we are now situated, foreign countries could control the British Navy in the event of war by turning off the oil tap. Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, in *The Navy* a few weeks ago, made this startling statement: "It may be stated without fear of denial from the oil-owners or anyone else interested in that formidable hierarchy, that we, as a nation and Government, have no more control over the very life-blood of the Navy in time of war than any nameless Central American republic might have." The country ought to demand dual firing, which would give the Navy freedom of action and also give the Welsh miners work in that distressed area. Who is supporting the Oil Kings in this nefarious plot?

The Church Militant

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Sing a song o' cowardice
Our dismal clergy cry:
Four and twenty abject Bishops,
Baked in a pie.

When the pie is opened,
These Bishops sadly sing:
COURAGE is *not* a proper dish
To set before the King!

WILL the Archbishop of York and the twenty-three Bishops who put their names to a letter urging Christian citizens to sign—the cowardly Peace at any Price Ballot—please explain what they **really think they mean** when at the most solemn moment of the Communion Service they pray “for the whole state of Christ’s CHURCH MILITANT here in earth?”

DO they think that Christians must not fight for what they know to be right? That they must be afraid to die in a just cause? And must play the coward when the greatest issues of life and death are at stake? The Church has always been at war. It was in no spirit of peace at any price that the Prayer Book was written and in it given a petition for “the time of War and Tumults.”

WHAT a travesty of the Faith of our forefathers! To pretend that Christianity does not mean war to the death—War against evil—War against unbelievers—has ALWAYS been and always will be the doctrine of the brave and the will of God. Adam and Eve were turned out of Eden by a flaming sword for disobedience, the early Christians fought unceasingly and untiringly for their faith and who among us who are churchgoers has not sung that inspiring old hymn “Onward Christian Soldiers Marching unto war With the Cross of Jesus Going on Before.”

NO! My Twenty-four Lord Bishops, cowardice and poltroonery is NO part of the Christian Religion. Christians have always been fighters and for no movement the world has ever known has so much blood been shed, as has been shed for Christianity.

EVERY year for some years past more and more people in this country have been going over to Rome, and who can wonder? When instead of teaching us to be brave and fear not, as true Christians always have been taught, we are exhorted to snivel and grovel to the workers of iniquity and at the feet of the Ungodly.

CHURCH AND STATE—

ALL history of Western civilisation, from the Roman empire to modern times, from Diocletian to Bismarck, teaches that when the State undertakes a fight against a religion, it is the State which will emerge defeated in the end.

The struggle against religion is the struggle against the incomprehensible and unreachable; it is a struggle against the spirit in its most intimate and profound form; and, it is now proved that in the struggle, the arms of the State—even the sharpest, do not succeed in inflicting mortal blows on the Church, which—especially the Catholic—comes out triumphantly from the hardest of tests.

A State can be victorious only in a conflict with another State. It can then conclude its victory by pressing a change of régime, for instance, a territorial cession, the payment of an indemnity, the disarming of the army, or a determined system of political or economic alliances.

When the fight is fought against a State, it is confronted with a material reality, which can be seized, struck, mutilated, transformed; but when the fight is against a religion, one does not succeed in picking out any particular target. *The simple passive resistance of the priests and believers* is enough to render the attack of the State inefficient.

Bismarck, in the eight years of his Kulturkampf—determined by the proclamation of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope in religious matters—caused the arrest of scores of bishops, the closing of hundreds of churches, the disbandment of many Catholic organisations, even sequestering their funds. A campaign of anti-Roman ideas broke loose with the motto, *Los von Rom*.

The result of this persecution was to bring the number of Catholic deputies in the Reichstag to a hundred, to render the figure of Windthorst popular throughout the whole world, to approve the moral resistance of the German Catholic world. In the end Bismarck, I say Bismarck, the founder of the German Empire—capitulated before Leo XIII, calling upon him as arbiter in an international controversy and writing to him a letter which began with the word "Sire."

The policy of Napoleon I with regard to the Church was just as unfortunate. One of the most serious errors of the great Corsican was that of having wished to "brutalise" two Popes and the Vatican. For one who was superstitious like

Napoleon, it was a matter for profound reflection when the first defeat, that of Assling, happened almost immediately after the arrest of Pius VII.

In the Fascist conception of the totalitarian State religion is absolutely free and, within its ambit, independent. The capricious idea of founding a State religion or of subjecting to the State the religion professed by the totality of Italians has never passed into even the antichamber of the brain. *The duty of the State does not consist in trying to create new gospels nor other dogmas*, in overthrowing the old divinities in order to replace them by others which are denoted by blood race, "Nordism" and such. The Fascist State does not have a theology; it has a political science,

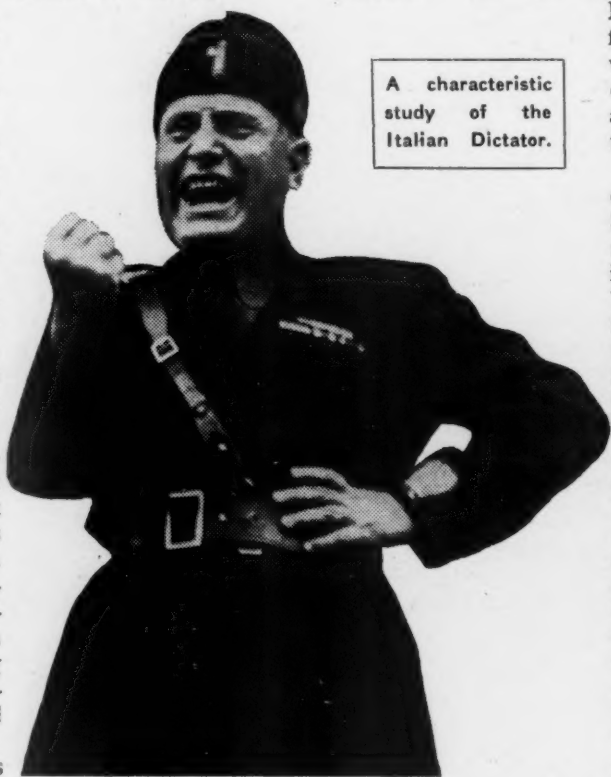
which is fundamentally different.

The Fascist State does not conceive it as its duty to intervene in matters religious, or, even if it should happen, only then in the case that the religious factor touched the political and moral order of the State.

In modern times and in the continents of white civilisation, the State can assume but two logical attitudes before the constituted Churches: either ignore them while tolerating them all, as happens in the United States, or regulate the relations with the Churches by a system of conventions or concordats as, in fact, has been done so profitably in Italy.

The history of the relations between Church and State in Italy is particularly to the point from 1870 to 1929. The Italian State, having voted the so-called Laws of Guarantees, which were never accepted by the Pope, adopted the policy of ignoring the Catholic Church.

The already insufficient formula of Cavour—free Church in a free State (insufficient in a Catholic country like Italy, which has, besides, the privilege of being the seat of a religion which counts



A characteristic study of the Italian Dictator.

—By Benito Mussolini

400,000,000 adherents in all parts of the world)—was followed by the geometrical formula of Giolitti, who defined Church and State as two parallels which stretch to the infinite and never meet.

Outside the above formulas, the so-called Left parties were specialising in an anti-clerical activity of a demagogic and vulgar nature which touched and rendered some city zones violent but did not penetrate the great mass of Catholics, who were refractory to such propaganda. It was an untenable situation. The semi-official contacts between the Quirinal and the Vatican, imposed by the necessities of life in common with determined circumstances, such, as for example, the meeting of the Cardinals to elect a successor to the throne, were not lacking despite the separation.

In 1929 there was an end to all of that with the Treaty which solved the Roman question in a definite and satisfactory manner, and with the Concordat, which determined by a series of a few dozen articles, the relations between the Italian State and the Holy See.

CONFLICT

Since February 11th, 1929, six years have passed. On the morrow of the agreements, sceptical and catastrophic voices were not lacking. These same voices rose to the sky when, in the summer of 1931, the pacts were subjected to the test of a conflict in which the question of the education of the young was in play. The conflict had different phases, some of which were very acute and lasted several months. But, on the first days of September, the problem was regulated, with reciprocal satisfaction.

That controversy can be considered as the test under fire of the Lateran pacts. From then on, nothing has come to disturb the religious and civil peace which the Italian people enjoy. One can add that a cordial collaboration has been developed

between the two powers, which regard the same object—man.

The Fascist doctrine in the matter is clear: the State is sovereign, and nothing can be outside or against the State, not even religion in its practical outward manifestations; and that explains why Italian bishops take an oath of fidelity to the State. On the other hand, the Church is sovereign in that which is its specific field of activity, namely, the care and salvation of souls.

COLLABORATION

There are moments and activity where the two forces meet. In such cases collaboration is desirable, is possible and productive.

How grotesque a council of cardinals would be which busied itself with the calibre of cannons or the tonnage of cruisers! A ministerial cabinet would be just as ridiculous if it decided to legislate in matters of theology or religious dogma.

A State which does not wish to spread spiritual disturbances and create division amongst its citizens must guard against any intervention in matters which are strictly religious.

That which has happened in Germany in recent times is fresh proof of the worth of Fascist doctrine and practice. No State is more totalitarian and authoritarian than the Fascist State. No State is more jealous of its sovereignty and its prestige, but, especially for that, the Fascist State does not feel the need of interfering in matters which are outside its jurisdiction and extraneous to its nature.

All those who have travelled by that road have, sooner or later, been forced to recognise their error. In my address before the Fifth Annual Assembly of the Régime I declared intentionally that he who breaks or disturbs the religious unity of a people commits a crime of *lèse-nation*.

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Wherever he goes, Mussolini is mobbed by admirers

Away with this Sham

By Kim

THE "National" Government, being something that never has existed but has always been a make-believe and a sham, is now at a very low ebb, as every publicist agrees. The electorate, who are sick of their humbug, can see no difference between the dangers of supporting a Socialist régime and continuing to maintain in office a crew of nondescripts headed by a Prime Minister who still styles himself an "unrepentant Socialist," and are unlikely to be convinced by the plausibility of these hypocrites.

So the slump in Government stock continues and, instead of up, up, up, Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin are going down, down, down. On the top of it all is the bitter opposition to their Betrayal of India Bill when it is debated and in Committee. Even now a good many Conservative constituencies are asking their members why they voted for the Joint Select Committee's Report on December 12th last, and others want to know why their members were conveniently absent on that occasion? For instance, strong Conservative strongholds like Hampstead and Marylebone want to know why their respective members, Mr. G. Balfour and Captain A. R. Cunningham-Reid were conspicuously absent. There were on that occasion 57 Conservative members absent unpaired, which suggests that they were sitting on the fence. And all these will have to come off the fence at once or take the consequences.

Disgusted Voters

The consequences will be in most cases a foregone conclusion. Opposed by independent Conservative-Imperialists at the next General Election, they will not poll more than a very small proportion of Tory votes in their constituencies. The British people as a whole realise the vast necessity of the Empire unless we are going to court national disaster of a magnitude which will result in leaving us a second or third rate Power able with difficulty to maintain half our existing population. Why, then, should they vote for men who have agreed to sacrifice India to the extremists led by the arch-wrecker of this country, who has contrived to capture the Conservative machine? The bulk of thinking and politically educated Conservatives are utterly disgusted with the way they have been fooled and betrayed, and by the time the Government have forced through this India Surrender Bill with the use of the gag or guillotine, it is as certain as anything can be in the political sphere that where one elector has abstained in by-elections the numbers will be many. In short, the wobblers will be wiped out.

Yet, despite all this, the MacDonaldites, under their sham label of a "National" Party, are ex-

pected to seize the opportunity given them by the popularity of the King's Jubilee to burst a General Election on us in the autumn. It may be that they think the longer they dally the worse it will be, which is certainly true, and they hope that the consequences of their egregious India policy may not be so evident in the autumn as in the following spring after the Budget. What a vain hope! It will send them packing as a "National" Party, with all their sham Conservative supporters headed by men like Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. L. S. Amery (who has betrayed his former Empire colleagues). It is said that the drafting of the "National" Government's election policy has reached an advanced stage. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has raised funds, or they have been promised under his auspices, and so the ammunition for the new propaganda is to be made available and the campaign will open. From whom he is deriving financial aid we do not know, but it is not difficult to guess. How many people realise that behind the Government to-day are various quasi-secret organisations which are seeking to Sovietise the entire country?

What We Want

We want above all in this country, and at once, a purge. Conservatives who stand for the undying principles of national honour, national safety, the maintenance of the Empire intact—in which India comes first—the restoration of British agriculture and shipping, the destruction of unemployment, and, not least, personal freedom. In the Indian Debate 76 Conservatives voted against the Government, 57 abstained and 336 supported the Joint Select Committee's Report. Of the stalwarts who had the courage of their convictions the average majority at the last General Election was just under 14,000, not including 13 unopposed returns. Half a dozen of these might fail to win the suffrage of the electors but the bulk, having stood by their guns, can expect to hold their Conservative supporters. They can provide the nucleus of a true Conservative Party, and among the 57 who were tricked into sitting on the fence, some at least may be expected to come into line, for the other alternative means undoubtedly the loss of their seat in the majority of cases.

We want this purge. We invite the Conservative minority to call a meeting at the House of Commons or wherever it suits them and decide then and there to repudiate the "National" Government and all its works, to decline any longer to be bound to Government Whips in any way and even perhaps to contemplate transferring to the Opposition Benches, as a definite proof to the country of entire opposition to the Government of Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin.

Such a plan will re-awaken confidence. If it be argued that a definite split will smash the Government and send in the Socialists, the answer is that the longer Conservative Members agree to support a Government which has betrayed its followers and made the name of the Government stink in the nostrils of a huge number of Conservatives the greater the collapse in the General Election. The stalwarts will not only provide a nucleus of the next Conservative Government, but they will give a new hope to hundreds and thousands who to-day can only visualise with despair that they stand between the devil and the deep sea, for as things

are they are left to face a Socialist Government which boasts of smashing the Constitution, and the other, the so-called "National" Party though waving the Union Jack, actually and practically the same thing, and behind it lying a sinister Communist policy.

Won't Lord Salisbury, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Lloyd, Sir Henry Page Croft, Colonel Gretton and other *genuine Conservatives* take the immediate and only steps which can save the nation from ruin? And all will rise up and call them blessed.

Mixed Politics

By the Saturday Reviewer

"DADDY," said the Hope of the Family, "what is a Conservative?"

"Don't be always badgering your father with these silly questions," said Mother, exasperated by a more than usually large hole in the sock she was darning, "everybody knows what a Conservative is."

"Well, what is a Conservative Mummy?" said the boy.

"Why, of course, the opposite of a Socialist," replied the lady.

"But isn't the Prime Minister a Socialist, and aren't the Conservatives keeping him there?"

"Oh, he was, but he isn't now," said Mama.

"Then why does he say he is?" asked Tommy.

"And why don't you wash your hands?" said the Boy's mother, who was adept in the tactics of the counter-attack.

"That's got nothing to do with it," grumbled Tommy, turning to his book again. "Daddy, what is a Tory?"

"Oh, a Conservative, only more so," said the Head of the House, absently, being deep in his newspaper.

"But what is a Conservative?" his son persisted.

"Well, of course, a Conservative is, as your Mother says, opposed to Socialism, and to Liberalism. He wants to conserve all that is best in the country."

"What sort of things?" said Tommy.

"Well, of course, the Constitution, and the Navy, and the Army, and our Trade and our industries, or what's left of them, and the British Empire, and all that."

"There's hardly anything about these things here," said Tommy turning to his book with a discontented expression. "I wish our usher would set us subjects a fellow could understand."

"Oh it's simple enough," said Father rashly.

"What book have you got?"

"Well, when old Fish-Face set us an essay on the Conservative Party, I looked in at Boots's Library, and they gave me this book, which they

said would explain everything. It is called *Conservatism and the Future*, just published, they told me by Heinemann. It's nearly all written by Conservative Members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. And I can't even understand the first chapter."

"Who wrote it?" asked Father, shifting his feet on the mantel-piece.

"Lord Eustace Percy, M.P.," said the boy.

"He should be all right," said Father. "That's a good old family. Never any nonsense about them. What does he say?"

"He calls the word *Conservatism* 'something of a concession to popular usage,' and he says he 'prefers to think of himself as a Tory.'"

"You bet," said Father, "they're true-blue in Northumberland. Wants to preserve everything, doesn't he?"

"No, Daddy, he says that 'they emphatically do not seek to conserve the present social system or the present distribution of wealth.'"

"Hum!" said Daddy, "but you'll find he wants to preserve the other things."

"Well," said Tommy, "I can't make out what he is driving at; but there's not a word about the Army or the Navy."

"Doesn't he say anything about private property?"

"He seems to be attacking it. He is all against the 'accumulation of wealth.'"

Daddy laughed grimly. "Not much chance of that," he muttered.

"Yes, and he says, 'the struggle between landlord and industrialist was a struggle between two selfishnesses.' And he wants a 'fundamental remodelling' of the 'economic and social system.'"

"Doesn't he say what Conservatism is?"

"There's a great deal that I can't understand. He says here—'To Toryism, indeed, more than to any other school of political thought, totalitarianism is, in principle, fundamentally

repugnant. Dualism is of the essence of its creed . . . Oh yes, and here, Daddy he calls himself a Tory Radical. What is 'Tory Radicalism?'"

"There is not such a thing," said Mummy confidently.

"I don't see how a politician can be both a Tory and a Radical," said Father thoughtfully, "at least if he's honest to his constituents."

"He calls himself a dualist," said Tommy.

"He can't be," said the Mother, "duelling isn't allowed nowadays!"

"Oh that's duelling with an *E*" said Tommy scornfully. "And he's all against Totalitarianism. On page 22 he says—'Such a degradation of ideals is the characteristic vice of all totalitarianism.' But isn't it 'a degradation of ideals' to call yourself at the same time a Tory and a Radical?"

"Well, of course, he must be or he couldn't vote for Ramsay MacDonald," said Mummy.

"Doesn't he say anything else?" asked Father.

"There's a great deal about Education and Social Reform; but it's all so vague that I can't understand it."

"That shows he's a good politician," said Father.

"He says, 'in his Educational policy he aims at containing in one coherent scheme the remodelling of industry, the creation of a new status for the individual and the broadening of the basis of Education.'"

"Isn't there anything simpler in the book?" said Father, "something you can understand."

"No," said Tommy, "everything seems mixed up. Here's an essay on 'The Future of the Constitution' by Hugh Molson, M.P. He says: 'That there are deep differences of opinion between the National Government and the Socialist Opposition needs no argument, but it is not perhaps generally recognised how many are the points of agreement.'"

"Well there's always the Liberals," said Mummy.

Daddy smiled. He happened to be reading, in the *Daily Mail*, an article in praise of Mr. Lloyd George by Viscount Snowden. "Discontent is rife among the younger men in the Tory Party," said Snowden, "and they will rally to an inspiring call."

THE INDIAN CARPET TRICK

By Hamadryad

When poor Lord Irwin's nerveless hand
Lay light on India's coral strand,
Policemen perished at their post,
And Congress-pickets ruled the roost.
The Communist grew still more bold,
The Bengal terrorist was told
That bomb and gun, without a doubt,
Would boot the beastly British out.

They said to Irwin, "get a move on,
And stop the rot." "No, No," says he.
"Force is a thing I don't approve on.
I'll ask this Gandhi in to tea,
To talk things over round a table.
I'm sure he'll be most reasonable,
If we but strike the friendly note.
I hope he doesn't bring his goat."

Then said the British Government
"If Irwin stays, its evident
There'll surely be a lot more killing done,
What about sending out Lord Willingdon?
Old Gandhi took to prayer again,
And peace resumed her ancient reign.
Congress no longer cut a caper.
THEN CAME THE INDIA WHITE PAPER.

But no-one seemed to want the thing;
In Lancashire they said "Twill bring
Us ruin." The Mohammedans
Cried "Curse Sir Samuel and his plans."
While Congress, fingering its gun,

Said "Britain now is on the run!"
The Princes cried "This treatment scurvy's
A nice reward for loyal Service!
Not with our aid shall such things be."
Sir Samuel Hoare said "We shall see."

They sent a message to Lord Willingdon,
"These Princes must be brought to heel.
All of the cooing and the billing done
Has so far failed to rouse their zeal.
Drop them a hint—don't threaten—that
You'll have backsliders on the mat,
While those who show us good accord
Will reap appropriate reward.
Add that if they, in any sort, hold
Commission with that fellow Courtauld,
Or hark to his subversive views
They'll need to mind their P's and Q's."
And did this artless message go
Forth? Well, Lord Willingdon says "No."

Yet several Princes, here and there,
Felt something like it in the air,
And told themselves "If I'm not prickly
Honours will fall upon me thickly,
But if my opposition's sharp, it
Will quickly land me on the carpet."
And reader, it is up to you
To guess if that's a reasoned view,
If Delhi's been a-pulling strings
Or Willingdon has wangled things.

Japan Demands Her Rights

By J. O. P. Bland

IN examining the causes and estimating the results of Japan's denunciation of the Washington Treaty of 1922, public opinion in this country and in the United States, as represented by official spokesmen and by the Press, has been chiefly concerned with the question of naval armaments and has failed to give sufficient consideration to certain political and psychological motives which, if history is any guide, have most powerfully influenced the Japanese Government's action. Yet these motives and their paramount importance are writ plain in the record of Japan's relations with the Western Powers since the Great War.

Defendant at the Bar

Those who now deplore the denunciation of the Washington Treaty as "the demolition of a noble edifice of international agreement set up 13 years ago," overlook the vitally important fact that Japan's rôle at the Washington Conference was that of a reluctant and isolated defendant at the bar of a Court whose purpose, as the event proved, was to establish a moral Protectorate over China and thus to limit Japan's expansion upon the Asiatic mainland.

America, wealthiest and most powerful of all the post-war Powers, being in a position to control the agenda and the scope of the Conference, the attitude imposed upon the Japanese delegates (as in 1895) was one of courteous acquiescence and watchful waiting; nevertheless, they made it unmistakably clear that their country was irrevocably determined to maintain its position of economic and strategic advantage in Manchuria and Mongolia at all costs. The Washington agreement fairly reflected the economic and political situation brought about by the Great War; but, so far as Japan was concerned, it represented, just as plainly as the Paris Peace Conference had done, a very definite assertion of *force majeure*.

It is well to bear in mind that, at the Paris Conference, the Japanese had put up a very strong fight for an amendment to the Covenant of the League of Nations, guaranteeing to "all aliens, nationals of States members of the League, equal and just treatment in every respect, making no distinctions, either in law or fact, on account of their race or nationality." The imputation of racial inferiority implied in the immigration laws of America and the British Dominions have always been resented by the Japanese as bitterly as they resented the extra-territorial rights asserted by foreigners under the early Treaties.

At Versailles, as at Washington, they were perforce constrained to acquiesce and, biding their time, to concur in arrangements imposed by

nations which rejected the principle of "racial equality." But Baron Makino voiced the feelings of all his countrymen when he subsequently gave notice that his Government would continue to insist upon the adoption of this principle.

Japan's present denunciation of the Washington Treaty does not mean that her rulers consider their national resources sufficient to permit of successful competition with America or Great Britain in the matter of naval armaments. It cannot mean that, but it can, and does, mean that they have taken advantage of a favourable opportunity to give expression to the indisputable fact that those exigencies of world politics, to which they conformed in 1922, no longer exist in 1935. In its bearings upon national finance, the question of naval armaments concerns them very closely, no doubt, but the *samurai* political group, which now controls the destinies of Japan, is not greatly versed in matters financial; on the other hand, it is more fervidly idealistic in its patriotism, and more acutely jealous of Dai Nippon's dignity and prestige, than any government which the country has known since the Restoration.

A Source of Discontent

None of the reasons which it has placed on record for the denunciation of the Washington Treaty is more cogent, from a national point of view, than the fact that "the allocation of an inferior ratio in naval strength, so detrimental to our national prestige, is bound to remain a source of permanent and profound discontent to our people." This is undoubtedly true, and the agitation led by Admirals Suetsugu and Takahashi has therefore behind it the force of a practically unanimous public opinion.

Senator Nye, Chairman of the U.S. Armaments Inquiry Committee, though at present in the minority, is undeniably right when he says that England and America would be well advised to accept frankly Japan's claim to "equality of status," for the simple reason that, whether accepted or not, this equality exists. There may be sense in questioning Japan's ability to finance a navy as large as that of the United States, but there can be no sense in denying her right to discuss the whole question of naval armaments on equal terms.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

From Surrender to Surrender

By Robert Machray

THE issue of the Saar plebiscite has proved once again the power of true patriotism. Germany has a Government that knows what it wants and pursues its national policy unswervingly. As a leader-writer in the *Evening News* remarked: "If only we in this country had a tenth of the vehement patriotism of these Saarlanders, or, indeed, of all Germans, how different would be the political scene!"

"There would have been no apathetic looking on while the politicians surrender India and scuttle from their other great tasks. There would have been no niggardly begrudging of the means to defend our land from attack by air, no fruitless gestures of pacifism that may be high-minded but seem always to be attaching greater importance to the welfare and the claims of others than to those of our own people."

Contempt for Treaty

As it is, our Government passes from surrender to surrender. It now proposes to give a definite legal basis to the great rearmament of Germany which has been and is still being carried out by Herr Hitler with such immitigable scorn and contempt for what he calls the "Diktat," that is, the Treaty, of Versailles. If this should go through, there will be left only the territorial clauses of that treaty; it is safe to guess that these will soon be attacked, and these clauses, of course, cover the pre-War German colonies, of which England holds the biggest share. Everybody knows that Germany wants them back; that is open, whatever else is secret.

It may be recalled that when Mr. Baldwin, towards the end of last November, made his deeply disappointing, indeed disheartening, speech on our air armament, he spoke none the less in the gravest way of the widespread apprehension and alarm resulting from the "secrecy which enshrouds what is going on in Germany," and he entreated the German Government to take the world into its confidence. Of course, it was a piece of the merest and silliest Baldwin bombast! He knew very well that Hitler would make no disclosures. Yet, in view of the Government's proposals, as set forth in the newspapers devoted to its propaganda, it might be supposed that Hitler had actually complied with Baldwin's wish.

And now a pertinent question: Has our Government, as a matter of fact, more and better information respecting what is now going on in Germany than it had in its possession when Baldwin made that speech nearly two months ago? In other words, what amount of German rearmament does it think of legalising? Of one thing we may be certain, and it is that that rearmament is very considerably larger and more formidable than it was in November, for all the available

evidence goes to show that the process continues night and day with ever-accelerating speed.

Admittedly Germany has not observed the Versailles Treaty. Is there any really good reason to believe that she would keep more faithfully any other arrangement, bargain, agreement or convention, if it suited her to act otherwise? If there is a really good reason for trusting Germany, notwithstanding her frequent exhibitions of bad faith, we should all like to know what it is. According to an inspired statement, the objects which the Government seeks to advance are a further pacification of Europe by "perfecting and extending the existing peace structure," and by the "conclusion of an international agreement for arms limitation on a basis giving factual recognition to German equality of status."

What is meant exactly by the resounding phrase "perfecting and extending the existing peace structure"? No doubt there is a reference to the Franco-Italian Pact, yet a great deal of obscurity still surrounds not only the text of the various instruments composing the pact, but also the reaction to it of some of the parties most directly affected by it. For instance, the Little Entente, at a conference held last week in Slovenia, declared for it in principle, but evidently is keen to do nothing more till all its details have been carefully scrutinised—no doubt, because there is a most notable lack of enthusiasm for it in the three Little Entente States. And as for Germany, her view of the existing peace structure is that it was and is designed for no purpose other than to encircle her and keep her down.

The Real Menace

Not so, says our fatuous Government; you will be given a "factual recognition of equality of status." In the absence of the precise facts respecting German rearmament, what in the world is the meaning of this word *factual*? Remember, it is armaments that are in question, not culture, cabbages, green cheese or any other mortal thing, and then ask: How are the facts of German rearmament to be obtained? We have to return to that question, for it is fundamental, since it covers a truth which cannot be expressed too often or too strongly, namely, that German rearmament is the menace to the existing peace structure—it is just that which darkens the skies of Europe. In the existing situation this is the all-important fact. Nothing on earth is so factual!

If our Government propagandists are to be believed—and they look as if they were—the proposals, programme or whatever they may be called of our preposterous Government simply amount to the condonation and acceptance of Germany's rearmament, no matter what it is. Surrender, and nothing else.

BRITISH LEGION

To Expenses— —£177,322 !

By a Special Correspondent

THE 1933/34 accounts of the British Legion have just been issued, and it will interest my readers to know that in spite of the efforts which, according to Haig House, are constantly made to reduce the administrative expenses of the Legion *they have actually risen by over £3,000!*

No explanation of the increase is given, but attention is called to the fact that "the expenditure on Poppy Day" has decreased. It appears, however, that as savings are made in one direction they are more than counterbalanced by increased expenditure elsewhere, for while the increase on the Appeals Dept. is .7 per cent. the general increase is over 3 per cent.!

Apart from the Officers' Section which last year accounted for over £15,000 and the Women's Section, the expenses of which were over £4,900, the consolidated statement of administrative expenses now shows the gigantic figure of £100,661! This, however, does *not* include the cost of the poppies, which was £76,661.

The figures are difficult to follow and appear contradictory, for on page fourteen of the accounts it is stated that "the total cost of raising the money" (which was £522,928) was £103,255! But over and above this are expenses of the Relief and General Funds (£74,067) so that we find the grand total of expenses amount to no less than £177,322—again omitting the expenses of the Officers and Women's Sections! Incidentally the amount taken from Poppy Day collection for the running of Legion Branches, etc., has also increased by over £1,000. Apparently Haig House is adopting MacDonald's slogan of "Up and Up."

Heading for Bankruptcy

In the usual burst of complacency the report states "The Legion may well be proud of its steady growth" (is it equally proud of the growth of its expenditure?) "the increase in affiliation fees being no less than £1,252." But if an increased revenue of £1,252 means an increased expenditure of over £3,000 it only needs a simple calculation to show that if these relative proportions are maintained, increase of membership will ultimately mean the bankruptcy of the Legion!

Now let us turn to a few items *not* included in the category of "expenses." It will be remembered that, referring to the figure of £2,500 for "migration" in the previous account, Major Featherstone-Godley stated that this was a "misnomer" as there was no emigration. Yet not only is the "misnomer" repeated, but £2,500 is again said to have been spent under this heading.

If, as the chairman then explained, this item is still being used "to settle various outstanding

liabilities in connection with the families of ex-service men," how is it that the item is rounded off to so exact a figure? Once again it is necessary to demand a detailed list of all expenses covered by this sum—as also for the further sum of £511 stated to be for "emigration grants."

The mysterious "Chairman's Fund," from which it will be remembered the legal expenses in connection with a threatened libel action were paid, reappears, but this time it gets £2,000 against £1,900 the year before. Again no details as to how it is spent are given.

Fiasco of Burnham Hall

Burnham Hall, an undertaking of the Women's Section, but financed by Legion funds, which as I previously pointed out is no benefit to ex-service men, gets a further £3,000 making, with the previous years contribution, over £9,000. This to maintain a female domestic training centre for which the Legion has asked the L.C.C. to obtain trainees!

I referred in a previous article to the amount spent on trips abroad, not included in the ordinary travelling expenses and in particular in connection with F.I.D.A.C. conferences. Last accounts showed £257 for one such affair for which four delegates had their expenses paid. But apparently these lucky people forget certain items for a further £76 now appears in respect of the same Conference! A total of £333, which averages over £88 each for these gentlemen, is paid out of money subscribed by a generous public.

In view of the growth of expenditure on undertakings so useless to ex-service men as the training of women domestics, it is not surprising to find that the sum elevated to construction work of real value, as for instance "loans for employment" has dropped by £2,218.

Finally it should be noted that in spite of an increased revenue the Legion ended the year under review with a total deficit of over £7,000.

The self-satisfaction expressed in this document is in striking contrast to the views held by some of the most zealous workers in the interests of ex-Servicemen. The following is from a letter I have received from a County Secretary:—

"I am wondering what can be done to clean up H.Q.," he writes. "I am utterly tired of items shelved and put back, of resolutions deferred on technical points; of the utter waste of time and of the self-satisfied demeanour of the 'Powers.'"

"I could make you gasp if I was able to put before you all the items that have been ignored by them; of promises made and never fulfilled, of the tremendous amount of 'eye-wash' that has been dished out to keep us quiet."

Eve in Paris

THINGS English being the mode of the moment in Paris, the weather decided to follow the fashion, and produced an excellent imitation of a London fog. This *purée de pois* came from the north, spreading over Montmartre, reached the Opera, the Place de la Concorde and plunged the Champs Elysées into obscurity. Electric advertisement signs soon shone forth, and cafés and shops blazed into brilliance.

It was, however, a wasted day for students desiring to prosecute their researches in the Bibliothèque Nationale. No artificial light exists in the ninety kilometres of galleries where reserves of books are kept and reference works demanded were therefore not available.

The year, hitherto, had been exceptionally mild, but snow now falls, and the cold winter predicted may come tardily. History records that the Winter of 1775 was spring-like until February, when it became rigorous, the thermometer during a fortnight falling to ten degrees below zero, and severe frost blighting the fruit trees which that summer produced no harvest.

French aviation is commemorating the first aerial voyage which ever took place over the Channel. This feat was performed, not by Blériot, but exactly 150 years ago by another Frenchman, Blanchard, who together with an American friend, Dr. Jeffries, left Dover in his balloon and arrived safely in France, landing in the neighbourhood of Calais. A wildly enthusiastic crowd that had gathered there gave the fortunate adventurers an ovation, Blanchard being known to fame in future as the "Don Quixote de la Manche," the man who attempted the impossible and (unlike his protagonist) succeeded.

As a boy Blanchard had dreamed of conquering the air. Later, an ardent admirer of Montgolfier, he planned a winged balloon, but this idea never materialised. He became, however, a celebrated aeronaut and made many ascents during which he carried a parachute of his own invention. Louis XVI awarded him a pension; he amassed considerable wealth and lived honoured and respected until his death.

The great success of the theatrical season has been "Miss Ba" (The Barretts of Wimpole Street) which filled the Ambassadeurs for over 125 performances and still attracts crowded audiences. Also popular is another English play, "Les Amants Terribles," translated from "Private Lives," by Noel Coward, who has been called the "Sacha Guitry Anglais."

There is a revival of interest in the historic play, on which "Un Roi, Deux Dames et Un Valet," by Madame Simone and François Porché is a good

example. The king is Louis XIV, the ladies, Mesdames de Maintenon and de Montespan, the valet, Bontemps, confidant of the Monarch in his love intrigues. The action begins seven years after the marriage of the Veuve Scarron with her royal lover, the former favourite still retaining her apartments at Court, and hoping to reconquer the king's heart. But her own son, the Duc de Maine, does not love his mother. He loves her bitter rival, the Maintenon, whom he calls his "Plus que Mère," and in a very fine last act, this son of Louis XIV orders Madame de Montespan to depart, the final scene showing Madame de Maintenon, triumphant, watching behind her curtains the belongings of the Marquise being thrown out into the court yard.

Pirandello is in Paris superintending the rehearsals of his play, "Ce Soir, Un Improvise," which Pitoëff will shortly produce, an excellent French version having been written by Benjamin Crémieux. The piece, in Italy, was even more successful than the famous "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

An amusing little play has been given at the Potinière. "Croisière pour Dames Seules" is the work of Comte Guy des Cars, son of the Duc and Duchesse des Cars, a youth of 23. It is clever, and witty, has all the gaiety of youth, and some of its unkindness, shown in the portrayal of the unattached elderly ladies, passengers on this pleasure cruise.

Since the beginning of the New Year the President of the Republic and Madame Lebrun have been occupied with entertainments, including the usual banquet to members of the Government and high officials.

The Diplomatic Corps also visited the Elysée with seasonable greetings, a brilliant procession of Excellencies in embroidered attire, amongst whom, resplendent in his gold-ornamented Uniform of State, Sir George Clark looked dignified and impressive. The Representatives of the Reich, and of the Soviets wore civilian dress, which seemed unsuitable at this function.

M. Guani, Minister of Uruguay gave a delightful musical party to inaugurate his new residence. M. and Madame Piere Laval had a luncheon in honour of Lord Dufferin, who is lecturing here on English Politics, and the Brazilian Ambassador and Ambadress entertained Général Noel and the Officers of the French Military Mission which leaves shortly for Rio. Uniforms were worn with few exceptions and the hostess, smiling, declared, "I have never lunched among so many good-looking young men."

An Englishman in the Legion

By a Private now serving in Morocco

LIFE in the Foreign Legion is not what it is often made out to be. One reads idiotic and grossly exaggerated accounts by deserters, many of whom have never seen active service but desert after a few weeks' training in Algeria. Perhaps the Press and the public are to blame to a certain extent for the tales these fellows furnish, as a false standard of romanticism, adventure and hair-breadth escapes has been raised and, no doubt, must be lived up to.

Since the Great War, and more especially in the last five or six years, the type of recruit has greatly changed. Most recruits can be classified under one or other of three headings: those who enlist for criminal reasons, because they wish to hide themselves; those who are seeking adventure and romance, and those who join up *pour la gamelle*. In post-war days the percentage falling under the first category is hardly worth considering, unless perhaps one counts those who enlist for "family reasons"—a term which may cover a multitude of peccadilloes, if not of more serious sins.

The Worst Type

In the second category are to be found, in my opinion, the worst type of Légionnaire, and that is only what one might expect. As romance and adventure are minus quantities in the Legion, these fellows are soon disillusioned and, to put it frankly, have not the guts to stick the preliminary training in Algeria. This training is admittedly of a nature intentionally framed to find the weak spots and might make Caterham resemble, in some respects, a convent school. Those who are not blinded by their sufferings will admit that it must be so when you have men of every nationality under the sun and where 80 per cent. of the instructors are German.

Since 1928 the men of the third category have formed probably 90 per cent. of all recruits. The world crisis and unemployment have driven thousands into the ranks of the Legion, and a good 30 per cent. of these have been Frenchmen. These Frenchmen are of the very lowest type. They enlist for the most part as Belgian, Swiss or Italian, and have almost all had at least one civil conviction, otherwise why should they enlist under an assumed name and nationality in a Corps which is not intended for them? If a Frenchman, after he has served his term of compulsory service, wishes to adopt *la vie militaire* as a career, he can do so in Colonial or other regiments where he will receive a *prime*, pay and prospects of promotion, etc., which surpass by far what he will receive in the Legion. But he must have a clean sheet as far as the civil power is concerned. The Legion authorities do not hold their fellow-countrymen in the ranks in very high esteem, and at the first opportunity they are discharged with ignominy.

Since last autumn, when the pacification of Morocco became a *fait accompli* (for the time being, say the cynics, of whom I am one), the need for recruits has dropped almost to zero. The Legion is not actually closed for recruiting, but only a very, very small number are accepted, and of these later on probably 40 per cent. are rejected. The *prime d'engagement* is no longer paid on arrival at Sidi-Bel-Abbès, for the recruit is given an intensive course of drill during a period of six weeks, and those who cannot stick it are sent back whence they came.

The life, of course, is vastly different to that of the British Army; it is a combination of the French and German military life. The Germans form the major portion of the Legion and if it were not for the Huns the Legion would never have existed. They, to give them their due, are splendid Légionnaires, putting up with what brutality and hardships there are, but let me hasten to add that the accounts of beatings and bastinado are figments of the imagination of deserters.

The Légionnaire is more than a soldier of an infantry regiment. In addition to the work of the infantryman, he has to undertake road-making, railway work, transmission and a thousand and one other things. When the bakers and scavengers declared a strike at Sidi-Bel-Abbès the Legion immediately took over. That is only one example of many—one finds men of every trade and profession wearing the képi.

Low Standard of Living

Those who are British have undoubtedly the hardest struggle of all to "stick it out." It is not the physical side which gets one down, for we are not weaklings, I hope, although, as we are accustomed to a higher standard of nourishment even among the lower classes, the lack of that nourishment does make one a bit light-headed until one gets used to it. No, it is morally and mentally that we suffer.

The average Hun is quite content so long as he gets his tummy fairly full and, conditions being more or less on a par with what he has been used to, he jogs along quite stolidly happy, and his grossness and low mentality are a boon to him. The same may be said of almost every other nationality, and as far as some are concerned they are better off in the Legion in the matter of food and clothing than in their own country.

But for us—exiles from "that other Eden"—it's a damned hard struggle at times. We have been used to cleanliness of mind and body, and here we find moral degradation praised as a virtue—those who stand apart being passed over for promotion and "employed" jobs—and an almost complete lack of hygiene. Justice, as we understand it, is non-existent, and the knowledge that redress is impossible for any injustice does not make life easier.

(To be continued)

A Safeguard in Himself

By Clive Rattigan

IF there could be any guarantee that future Governors of Indian provinces would be of the O'Dwyer type, one would have less cause to feel apprehensive regarding the validity of the various "safeguards" devised by White Paper idealists.

But if anything is certain, it is that men of this type are not in the least likely to be chosen as guardians of the precious "safeguards"!

They would be an obstacle to the surrender policy implemented in Whitehall. And the case they would have to present for any resolute action they had taken would inevitably have the drawback of being quite unanswerable!

That was just what was so annoying about Sir Michael O'Dwyer to Edwin Samuel Montagu and people of his kidney. As a means of placating Indian politicians on the eve of their dyarchical experiment, they would dearly have loved to throw him to the wolves just as they eventually did with General Dyer; but Sir Michael gave them no choice. He had them stone-cold on every argument they could produce.

A Fighter for Justice

Moreover, he was not the man tamely to submit to official censure. He would fight, and like Ulster, he would most certainly be right.

So, having quieted him, as they hoped, they left him severely alone and chose other individuals to sacrifice to the frenzy of their political friends in India. But if Whitehall thought it had done with Sir Michael it was mistaken.

He had never been known to let down any colleague or subordinate in his whole career, and he was not going to see his friends and fellow-workers betrayed if he could do anything to prevent it.

Accordingly for two years he harried the India Office, the Army Council and Simla Headquarters with his representations. Then came what he gleefully regarded as a veritable gift from the gods.

An Indian politician, Sir Sankaran Nair, wrote a book in which he accused Sir Michael of various "atrocities" in putting down the Punjab disturbances.

Sir Michael promptly brought a case against Sir Sankaran Nair before an English Judge and jury and had the whole Punjab business judicially threshed out from beginning to end. The result was, as might have been expected, the complete vindication not only of Sir Michael's own actions as Lieut.-Governor, but of Dyer and other officers who had been so wrongfully condemned.

To-day the India Office has other grievances against Sir Michael. And the only way it can meet his arguments is by affecting to regard him as a man out of touch with "modern Indian conditions"—a useful formula for exalting political folly at the expense of experience!

The truth is that in all essentials India has changed very little in the past thirty years, the one great change affecting the country's administration being represented by the readiness of Whitehall to shirk its responsibilities.

As an Indian administrator, Sir Michael, of course, belonged to the days of the "One-man" provincial rule. And it was perhaps fortunate that in that anxious period of world-war, of Indian Khilafat and Sikh Ghadr intrigues with Germany, Turkey and Afghanistan he was not hampered by all the encumbrances of the subsequent Montagu-Curtis-Chelmsford scheme.

As it was, the Sikh Ghadr conspiracy was effectively dealt with within six months of the arrival of Har Dayal's emissaries from Canada. And the thoughts of all the martial races of the Punjab were at once skilfully switched by Sir Michael into an enthusiasm for the War, with the result that by the time of the Armistice the province could proudly claim to have produced four-sevenths of India's total combatant forces.

A Widespread Revolt

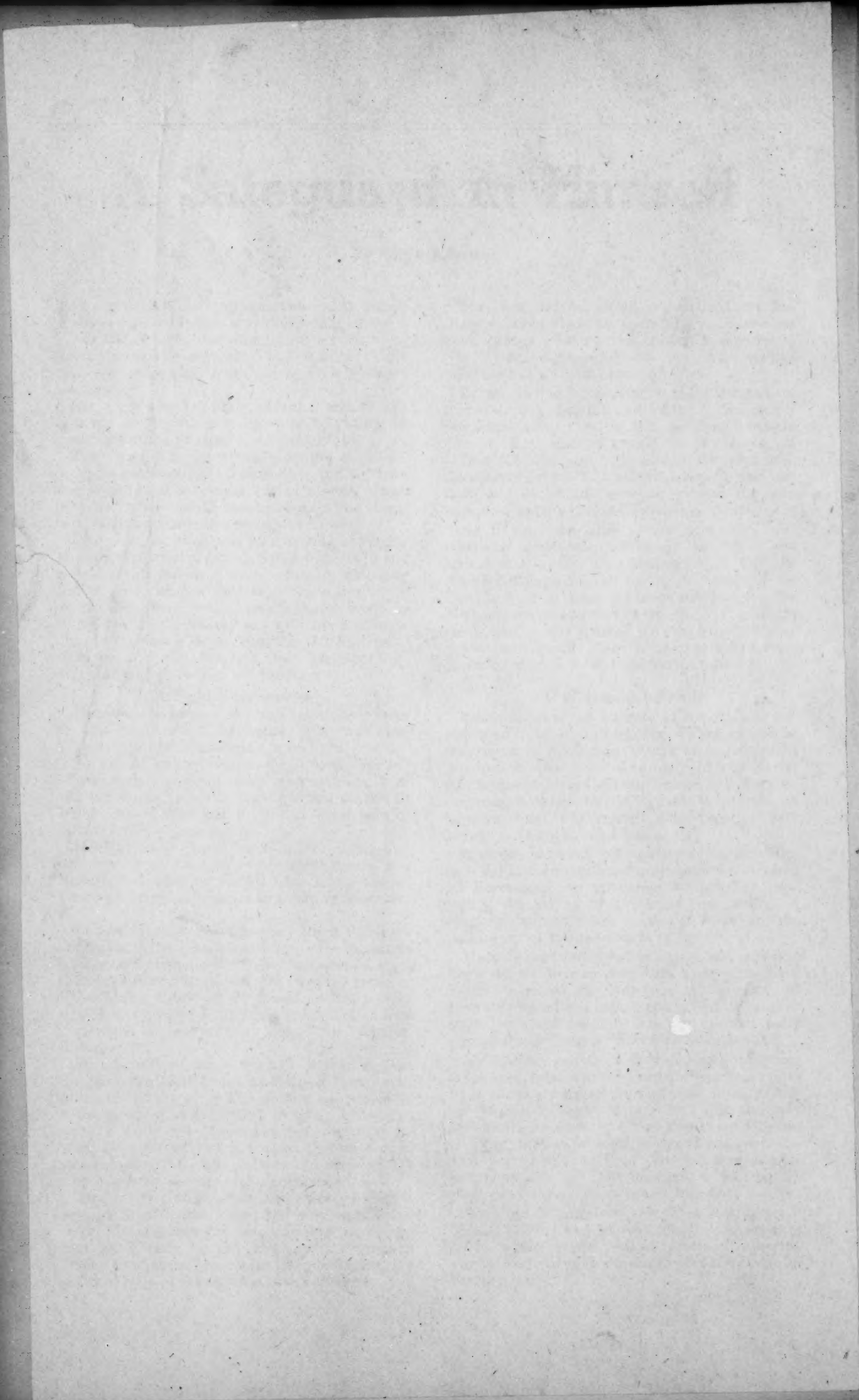
Efficiency was the keynote of his six-year administration in all its branches. Then just as he was about to hand over charge of a prosperous province the Indian world was startled by a Revolt which spread from Delhi to Bengal and Bombay and was intended by its authors to include an invasion from Afghanistan simultaneously with risings throughout the Punjab.

It was an exceedingly dangerous crisis, involving as it did in the Punjab not only murderous attacks on Europeans, but tampering with Indian regiments, the looting of treasuries, the cutting of telegraph wires, strikes on the railways and the pulling up of railway lines.

Happily the Punjab was in charge of a man who knew exactly how to cope with such a situation. Within a month the Revolt in the Punjab had been suppressed and order restored and Amanullah started his war only to find that he had sadly miscalculated the possibilities of an invasion!

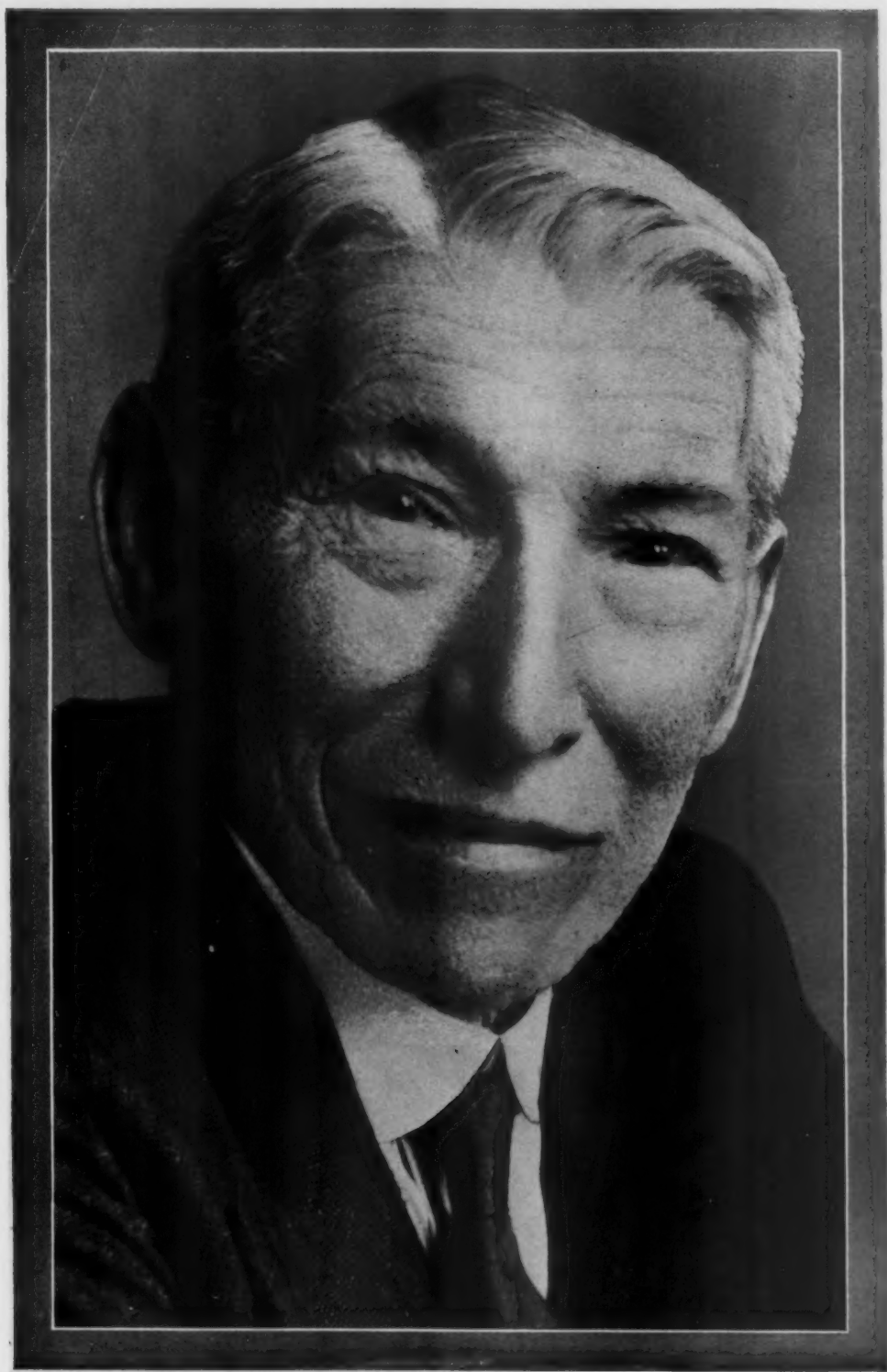
Sir Michael and the men with him unquestionably saved India and the Punjab from what might have easily developed into another Mutiny with an Afghan invasion thrown in. Yet curiously enough the idealists, who were thus given a chance of trying their experiment of dyarchy upon India, were not grateful to him. He had been far too precipitate, far too little disposed to wait on the pleasure of the rebels and their friends!

They would probably have liked him better if he had hivered and hivered like the Government of India did in the Moplah rebellion, allowing murder and rapine to continue with little check for nearly a year.



Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

Sir MICHAEL O'DWYER, G.C.I.E.



Knowing all about India he, of course, is the last person the Prime Minister listens to

O'Reilly Sees It Through

A Drama in Four Acts

By Hamish Blair

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Samuel Christenson, Indian Civil Service, Magistrate of Ponambong.
 Joan Christenson, his wife.
 Major Walter Smith, Indian Medical Service.
 Mary Smith, his wife.
 George Stephen, Agent of the Windsor Steamship Company.
 Lesley Stephen, his wife.
 Patrick O'Reilly, Inspector-General of Police.
 His Excellency The Governor.
 John Thornton, Indian Civil Service, Private Secretary.
 Captain Adderley, A.D.C.
 Thursoe Wilson, District Superintendent of Police, Ponambong.
 Gerald Crossley, Assistant Superintendent of Police.
 Rai Bahadur Tincowrie Mono, Marwari Money-lender and Capitalist.
 Babu Protap Roy, the leading Zemindar of Ponambong.
 Captain Dunne, Indian Army.
 Issur Chunder, Barrister-at-Law.
 Murray Belper, Principal of Ponambong College.
Gurkhas, bearers, khitmutgars, police, orderlies, lawyers, citizens, assassins, etc.

WHAT HAPPENED IN ACT I

Christenson, Magistrate of Ponambong, has been murdered—shot in the back—by Terrorists while entertaining guests at his home. He dies in his wife's arms.

Patrick O'Reilly, the most famous sleuth in India and a friend of the Christensons, arrives in Ponambong just after the murder. Mrs. Christenson is taking the tragedy like the plucky woman she is.

ACT 2, SCENE 1.

TWO DAYS LATER

The Christenson drawing room as in Act I Scene 2. Time, early afternoon. The magnificently clad bearer opens the door L and, salaaming profoundly, admits Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Stephen. Both are dressed in simple muslin afternoon frocks. After showing them in the bearer says "Memsahib ata Hai" ("the Memsahib is coming") and goes out. The two sit together on the Chesterfield.

Mrs. SMITH: I'm so glad I met you, dear. I should hardly have liked to come by myself. And yet one felt one had to offer to help the poor thing. What a nuisance about the Governor coming!

Mrs. STEPHEN: She was perfectly marvellous at the funeral, wasn't she? Not a tear to shed. I should have been crying my eyes out if it had been my husband.

Mrs. SMITH: Did she really care for him, do you think?

Mrs. STEPHEN: Lord, yes! She was simply devoted to him, but she is utterly undemonstrative.

Mrs. SMITH: Poor thing! I expect she suffers all the more because she doesn't show it.

The door L opens and Mrs. Christenson comes in. She is dressed entirely in white. Her face is pale and

anguished, but she is calm and completely self-possessed. The two visitors come forward and Mrs. Smith kisses her effusively. She submits with a good grace. Mrs. Stephen contents herself with a friendly pressure of the hand.

Mrs. SMITH: We felt, dear—that is, I felt—that we would like to help you if we could. It must be such a strain, the Governor coming down immediately after—after—

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: It is too kind of you both, but I can manage. The most trying things yesterday and to-day have been the telegrams of sympathy. It isn't as if it were a State visit with entertaining to do. I don't suppose he'll be here more than one night, and for that he'll be quite comfortable in our—in my room. Besides, it'll give me something to do. Anything to take my thoughts off that night!

Mrs. STEPHEN: I suppose you're going home?

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: As soon as I can settle up here—probably next week. The new man will be coming then, anyhow.

Mrs. STEPHEN: Oh dear! Another change, just as we were getting to know each other. And the next man can't possibly be anything like Mr. Christenson.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: He'll have to be like him in courage.

The bearer enters with a card.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON (*reading from it*): Mr. Murray Belper. Oh, I can't see him just now. No, it's no use. I've got to face things and he means well. "Sahib-ko salaam do."

Mrs. STEPHEN: Well, dear, goodbye. I won't face him—unless you think I should be some moral support.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON (*with a faint smile*): No, dear, run while you can. Goodbye, dear Mrs. Smith—and thank you both again.

The two visitors kiss and retire through the door L just as Belper is shown in by the bearer. He bows awkwardly as they pass. Belper is dressed in a grey cotton coat and waistcoat with a black tie and white duck trousers. He holds his solar topee under his arm. His mournful appearance suggests that he has lost his best friend.

BELPER (*coming forward with outstretched hand*): Forgive me for intruding, Mrs. Christenson, but I heard that the Governor was flying down to-day, and I wondered whether I could be of any use. Could I put up Mr. O'Reilly at my bungalow?

Mrs. CHRISTENSON (*as they shake hands*): You are very kind, Mr. Belper, but Mr. O'Reilly declines to leave this house so long as I am in it. He and His Excellency and the Private Secretary—and, of course, the A.D.C.—will be the only guests, and there is heaps of room for all of them.

They sit down. There is a slight pause, while Belper looks down and twiddles his helmet between his knees. Then he speaks.

BELPER: There is another thing I feel I must say, Mrs. Christenson—

At this point O'Reilly enters. He is in white uniform with a row of medals, mostly war decorations. His thin face looks even more sombre than when he was in mufti.

O'REILLY: Excuse my butting in, Joan. I'm just off to meet His Excellency at the aerodrome. Back in ten minutes.

He looks hard at Belper, who rises. Mrs. Christenson makes an introduction.

O'REILLY: Ah, of course, you were here that night. You are the educational man—and both the assassins were your pupils.

BELPER (*flustered and stammering*): Mr. O'Reilly, I can't tell you how grieved I am that it should be so.

O'REILLY (*drily*): You are not the only person who is grieved about it, but that doesn't help much. I must have a long talk with you about your college some time—to-morrow, perhaps. Well, *au revoir*, Joan. Good day to you, Mr. Belper.

He hastens out. Belper gazes after him and then turns to Mrs. Christenson with such a look of contrition that she makes him sit down again.

BELPER: He has really taken the words out of my mouth. Imagine what a shock I got that night to recognise both the assassins as my pupils!

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: Yes—it must have been.

BELPER: Such nice lads, too. So gentle and amenable, so industrious and intelligent! I am utterly bewildered.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: I am not, Mr. Belper. It is exactly what might be expected from the kind of education you are giving these youths—filling their minds with ideas which are fairly inflammable even among Europeans who are not so utterly strange to them as these young Orientals.

BELPER: But, my dear Mrs. Christenson, we can't keep back from them the fruits of our own culture.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: Very bitter fruits, Mr. Belper!

BELPER: Ah! You have me there. But you can't convict me of any teaching which would lead to violence and assassination.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: I daresay not. That may be the work of political conspirators. But you prepared the ground. They sowed the seed of revolution and murder. And I have lost my husband—the best and dearest husband.

Her voice breaks at last, and she has resort to her handkerchief. Belper rises.

BELPER: I do feel, Mrs. Christenson, that we educationists have a terrible responsibility. I only hope it isn't so awful as you suggest. But, do believe me, I would rather these boys had shot me than your husband. Goodbye.

He bows awkwardly and goes out. Mrs. Christenson looks after him with a bitter smile.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: *He would rather they had shot him than my husband! Damn the little coward! That's the worst piece of insincerity I have heard since it happened.*

She sits still for a few moments; then starting up, calls for a servant. The bearer appears.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: *Lat Sahib juldi awaga. Cha taiyar karo.* (The Governor is coming. Prepare tea.)

The servants set out small tables, lay the cloths and bring in the tea things which their mistress arranges. Just as this business is finished a motor horn is heard outside. Presently the bearer ushers in a young soldier in undress who salutes.

THE SOLDIER: How do you do, Mrs. Christenson? I am Adderley, A.D.C. May I say how deeply I sympathise with you. The whole world sympathises.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: Thank you, Captain Adderley. Everybody is most kind. I take it, His Excellency has arrived?

ADDERLEY: He will be here directly. And it is most kind of you to put us up at such a time.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: It is good of His Excellency to come to us. It shows he understands how dreadful things are in this station.

A second motor horn is heard.

ADDERLEY: Ah, there is His Excellency. If I may, Mrs. Christenson, I will go and receive him.

He goes out and presently returns. Standing immediately inside the door he calls out in a formal voice "His Excellency!"

Enter the Governor followed by his Private Secretary and O'Reilly. His Excellency is a dapper man of fifty-five, middle-sized with a ruddy face close shaven and a plentiful head of iron grey hair. He is dressed in a grey frock suit—a picturesque figure, and he knows it. His Private Secretary is a young and pleasant looking civilian, also immaculately dressed.

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The Governor advances to Mrs. Christenson, takes her hand and looks earnestly into her eyes. She is taller than he is.

GOVERNOR: Mrs. Christenson, your loss is the loss of all of us. Your husband was one of the finest men in the Service. God bless you!

He raises her hand to his lips and she makes a dignified courtesy.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: Your Excellency is most kind. Won't you have a cup of tea after your journey?

He stares at her for a moment, amazed, like everybody else, by her calmness. Then he sits down near the Chesterfield, on a chair which is placed for him by the A.D.C. Mrs. Christenson shakes hand with the Private Secretary and seats herself on the Chesterfield to pour out the tea. O'Reilly and the Secretary decline tea and remain standing. The A.D.C. goes out.

GOVERNOR: Thank you—just a cup of tea, please. Nothing else.

He drinks his tea thoughtfully, gazing from time to time at Mrs. Christenson, who hardly sips from her cup. He declines a second cup, and presently she rises. The Governor gets up a little stiffly.

Mrs. CHRISTENSON: I know, Sir, that you have a great deal to do. If you will excuse me, I will go and see to your room.

She courtesies again, and he bows low with an old world air. Exit Mrs. Christenson L. The Governor turns immediately to O'Reilly.

GOVERNOR: What a splendid looking woman! And how composed, by Gad! Tell me, was she fond of her husband?

O'REILLY: She worshipped him, Your Excellency. But she doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve.

GOVERNOR: Wonderful! She's a perfect Spartan. I'm proud to think we still breed people like her—and her husband.

Enter Captain Adderley, A.D.C.

ADDERLEY: Several Indian gentlemen to see you, Sir.

GOVERNOR: Who are they? It's awkward, with Christenson gone. Do you know them, O'Reilly?

O'Reilly looks at the cards handed him by Adderley.

O'REILLY: Yes, I know both of them—the two leading men in the place—Rai Bahadur Tin-cowrie Mono and Babu Protap Roy.

GOVERNOR: They haven't lost much time in paying their respects. A thing to be encouraged in these times! Well, Adderley, show them in in the order of their calling.

O'REILLY: Before Adderley does so, Sir—I suppose I had better leave you alone?

GOVERNOR: Perhaps it would be as well. You will remain, Thornton (to Private Secretary). By the way, O'Reilly.

O'Reilly and Adderley are going out, but pause. O'Reilly comes back to within range.

GOVERNOR: Have you any clue yet to the Terrorist conspiracy?

O'REILLY (coolly): Dozens, Sir.

GOVERNOR: Good man!

O'REILLY: But the whole of them put together wouldn't hang a dog in a court of law.

GOVERNOR: The old story! Well, O'Reilly, we must hang somebody over this, apart from the wretched boys who commit the crimes. The Home Government is getting restive—alarmed.

O'REILLY: I'll do my best, Sir.

GOVERNOR: Of course you will. I want to see you after these people have gone.

O'REILLY: I am extremely desirous of seeing you, Sir.

GOVERNOR: I'm glad to hear it. Fetch them in, Adderley—one by one.

(To be continued)

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Books in Brief

IN "The Stranger of the Ulysses" (Jarrolds, 5s.) Mr. L. S. Amery gives us a number of imaginary conversations not indeed after the manner of Savage Landor, but in a delightful way of his own that enables us to realise that a busy political life does not necessarily interfere with the keeping alive of classical scholarship. He introduces us to that most crafty of ancient mortals, Odysseus, the son of Laertes, and then branches off to a heart-to-heart talk between Hannibal and Napoleon on strategy, or rather the lack of it, in the Great War. Then come encounters with Horace, Virgil and even Zeus "in an old-fashioned and well-worn frock coat and looking extraordinarily like the late Lord Salisbury with a dash of Mr. Venizelos thrown in." And they all, or most of them, act as the mouthpiece of Mr. Amery for emphasising the doctrine that England's main business is to avoid being entangled in Europe and to look after the Empire.

"A Desert Journal" (Constable, with illustrations and a map, 7s. 6d.) contains a collection of letters written by three women—Evangeline French, Mildred Cable and Francesca French—members of the China Inland Mission who, between them, have given nearly a century to missionary work in the Far East. The letters were written from various points in Western China, Chinese Turkestan, or on their way home to Europe. Their journeys took them forwards and backwards across the Gobi desert and brought them into contact with varied racial types, with bandits and Communists and with many hardships—the last we have mainly to infer, as the fortitude of these earnest travellers makes light always of the trials encountered. The story of four years' arduous and dangerous work is told with a simplicity that matches these workers' simple faith and trust in their divine mission.

Those Victorians

"The Victorians were quite human," says Mr. Horace Wyndham in his opening chapter of "Victorian Parade" (Muller, 7s. 6d.); and as proof of this statement he retells for us several sensational affairs which occurred during the Victorian era—the surreptitious publication of a Foreign Office despatch, the matrimonial misadventures of a famous Nonconformist minister, Mrs. Ormiston Chant's crusade against the old Empire music hall, a "mutiny" in the Guards, the alleged assault by Fenians on a well-known Society lady, and the ensnaring of Laurence Oliphant by an American hot-gospeller. He sets out his "parade" in spirited fashion.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals celebrated its centenary last year and at the same time published a record of its work under the title "A Century of Work for Animals," with a foreword from its President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Messrs. Murray have now brought out a second edition of this book at 2s. 6d. All animal lovers will find much to interest them in this record of the vast changes that have taken place in the last hundred years in the treatment accorded to animals.

Count Bohdan Kusztefan de Castellane belongs to a family whose record can be traced back eleven hundred years to its roots in Provence. His own branch of the family settled in Poland in 1573, so it came about that in nationality he was really a Pole. His father, being a Polish noble, married a Tartar lady, and much of the Count's childhood was spent in the Ukraine and Bessarabia. Owing to the partition of Poland, he had to do military service in Germany. But as he wanted to be admitted to the Russian bar he sought and obtained Russian nationality. When war broke out his Tartar blood influenced him to take service in a "Moslem Horse Division" on the Russian side, while his brother was serving in an Austrian regiment. After the Bolshevik revolution he succeeded in getting out of Russia into Poland. In "One Crowded Hour" (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d., illustrated) he tells us the story of his life. The

Russian Royal Family, Rasputin and other important personages all come into the story, and it may be noted that the Count gives a rather more favourable account of the notorious monk than most other people have done.

A provocative, but well-written book on the strategy and tactics of the Great War is "High Command in the World War," by Captain W. D. Puleston, Director of Naval Intelligence in the U.S. Navy (Scribners, 12s. 6d., with an introduction by General Sir Ian Hamilton). Captain Puleston argues that it would have been possible in certain stages of the war to break through in the West if the Allies had not wasted their strength in futile Eastern operations. His most interesting contention, however, is that Jellicoe, if he had been another Nelson, would have finished the German Fleet at Jutland and that would have brought about the immediate end of the war.

In the past three and a half centuries the various Public Schools have produced a considerable number of poets, and old boys of these schools will welcome the anthologies Mr. John Gawsword is editing in a series of small books published under the title "Public School Poets" by Messrs. Rich & Cowan, at 5s. each volume.

Recent Fiction

"DILEMMAS," by A. E. W. Mason (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

A collection of twelve short stories by a master of the art of conveying thrills by a seemingly simple presentation of arresting incidents. To begin any story by Mr. Mason means that one has to finish it at a sitting and when it is a case of short stories the inevitable tendency is to go on from one to the next.

"The Reckless Company," by F. W. de Valda (Nelson, 7s. 6d.).

A tale of the conquest of Peru by Pizarro and his companions. The author has evidently studied with care and sympathetic understanding the whole story of that historic adventure, and his novel does full justice to the romantic side of it. Nor does he too much idealise the character of the central figure in it.

"The First Class Omnibus of Short Novels" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

This is a collection of short novels by a number of well-known writers including Phyllis Bentley, George Birmingham, Storm Jameson, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Denis Mackail, Kate O'Brien, G. B. Stern and L. A. G. Strong. The stories originally appeared in one of the daily newspapers.

"The Evening Standard Book of Strange Stories" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.).

This is a collection of short stories that have appeared in the newspaper mentioned in the title. Altogether there are 88 stories by 80 authors showing a wide range of choice, from Dickens, Daudet and de Maupassant to Michael Arlen, Lady Eleanor Smith and Francis Brett Young. Wonderful value for the moderate price.

"Olympia," by Coleridge Kennard (Barker, 8s. 6d.).

An Eastern extravaganza and satirical fantasy which, to be fully enjoyed, requires some familiarity with Persian literature. It is a delicious mixture of absurdity, romance and cynicism which reveals Sir Coleridge's Oriental scholarship. The jacket, designed by Anna Zinkeisen, is particularly attractive.

"Ten Hours," by Harry Stephen Keeler (Ward, Lock & Co., 7s. 6d.).

An American town within 51½ miles of the Mexican border has incurred the wrath of a notorious Mexican rebel, who threatens to wipe it off the map. Hence great precautions are taken to protect the town from aerial and other attack. Three tramps, who arrive on the scene, behave suspiciously and are arrested and court-martialled. There is a staggering surprise at the end of the trial. An unusual kind of mystery story vividly told.

THEATRE NOTES

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—
FROM CHINA

'Lady Precious Stream'

Little Theatre

By S. I. Hsiung.

THIS charming Chinese love-story, produced according to the conventions of its native stage, is delightful—for a change. There was no scenery, artists rode upon imaginary horses, a property-man in black stood at each side of the stage and made the sound of the horses' hoofs in full view of the audience, an "Honourable Reader" explained what was going to happen next, and the rest was left to the artists, and one's own imagination.

It says a good deal for the excellent acting of Maisie Darrell as "Lady Precious Stream," Fabia Drake as "The Princess of the Western Regions," Esme Percy as "The Prime Minister," and Roger Livesey as "Their Gardener," that my own imagination was not stretched beyond comfortable and most enjoyable limits.

Nancy Price and S. I. Hsiung are to be congratulated upon their production of "something different."

'Jill Darling!'

Saville Theatre

There is absolutely no way to account for Musical Comedy; it just happens. Nobody seems to be surprised if a grown man arrives in the front garden of an ancestral mansion clad merely in a bath-towel. It is all the more intriguing to realise that he is not really the man you think he is but someone quite different. Of course, there are two men, and they are both so alike that they get mistaken for each other and the wrong one goes to jail instead of the man in the bath-towel, and he can't possibly get out until he has sung a song. But he does get out all right, dressed as a woman, and the whole thing ends with a *reprise* and a couple of extra kicks from an extremely handsome chorus.

In other words, this is a Musical Comedy and a very good one, too. Vivian Ellis has written some charming music, especially "I'm on a See-Saw." The book is sufficiently witty without being tiresomely cute and the whole thing goes with a swing, thanks largely to Mr. William Mollison.

Arthur Riscoe as a "dual personality" (we won't go into that joke; it has to be heard to be believed) forces himself into the front rank of natural comedians. He has a pleasing personality and a slippery face, which is more than half the battle. Frances Day has three moments when she rises above what is, to be frank, not a very good part, and when these rather meagre opportunities occur she is very good indeed. As for Louise Browne, it is inconceivable to imagine her doing anything which was not absolutely first-rate, whether it be dancing, singing or just acting. John Mills works hard, dances well and enters into the spirit of the irresponsible frolic.

There is hardly room to mention the good work put in by Frederick Lloyd, Sebastian Smith, Viola

Tree and Edward Molloy, but it was there all right. If you like musical comedy, "Jill Darling!" is a Musical Comedy you will like, and nobody can say fairer than that.

'Father of Lies'

Royalty Theatre

By Kenneth Horne.

The idea of reading an incantation as a result of which the Devil appears in the form of a long-since-dead husband and proceeds to demoralise an entire household may, perhaps, have the makings of a good play—or shall we say of good "theatre"?—but even Violet Farebrother, Winifred Shotter, Sam Livesey, Gillian Maude and Muriel Aked could do nothing to convince me that it was so in this case.

It seems a pity that so excellent a cast should have been so badly served by the author.

'Buckies Bears'

Scala Theatre

By Erica Fay and Harry Buffkins.

As this is also called "A Play for Children—in Six Acts," I sought the company of a ten-year-old for my visit to the Scala Theatre. It proved a most admirable choice. With Polar Bears from the Zoo, Red Indians, a Fairy Queen, a Pirate and a Policeman, the Baby Polar Bear undoubtedly had the time of her life. So did my small companion.

The authors have indeed provided excellent fare for the youngest generation, and the producer, Donovan Maule, is admirably served by a large cast of artists who enter completely into the spirit of the thing.

C.S.



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BROADCASTING

Worst Features on the Programme

By Alan Howland

IF I were asked to state what in my opinion is the worst feature in British Broadcasting, I should unhesitatingly plump for the method of presentation. Not everybody would agree with me of course. I should be told that the morning programmes are so bad that they seem to be almost inspired, a statement with which I could not but agree. Someone would tell me that it is impossible to listen to the forced gaiety of Mr. Maschwitz and his Merry Myrmidons without blushing. I should be compelled to confess such was the case and the heartier and/or more Viennese the programme the deeper the blush. Someone might even be tiresome enough to ask whether it was the intention of the B.B.C. ever to erect anything whatever on the Foundations, so deeply dug and so badly drained, of Music.

Bravely defying the thunderbolts of the Great Architect Mr. Filson Young, I should say that my considered reply to that question was "No."

In spite of all these admissions I should still adhere to the opinion that, however bad the programmes may be, the presentation of them is far worse. It would be manifestly unjust to blame the

announcers for this state of affairs. It is not their fault if they have adenoids. They cannot be blamed for their trifling impediments of speech. Their inability to pronounce the English, or any other language, intelligibly is not a failing with which they can fairly be reproached.

I am far more concerned with what these unfortunates say than with how they say it, and, as far as I can gather, their every utterance is moulded and pre-conceived by the Presentation Department (or it may be Section). The members of this Section (or it may be Department) are the sole arbiters of the correct method of putting a programme before the public. It would be impertinent to say that they have never had any experience of this type of work in any other sphere, and irrelevant to point out that their knowledge of the entertainment industry was gained from the wrong side of the footlights in George Street, Oxford.

The one thing that one must realise is that they are there. They decide how we shall receive our programmes and their word is law. No doubt, if they do their job to the satisfaction of the authorities they will be promoted to the Canteen.

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CINEMA**THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE**

By Mark Forrest

THE combination of Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare and Mr. Travers is as well known now on the screen as it is upon the stage, but in their new venture, *Dirty Work*, Tom Walls confines his activities to directing, and his place in the cast is taken by Gordon Harker, who is provided with the kind of material that suits his particular style of humour.

Tom Walls has a rough and ready method where the cinema is concerned; he tries no tricks with the camera, nor does he worry his head overmuch about montage and other cinematic matters. All he appears to do is to place the camera in a convenient position and to proceed to turn the handle until Mr. Travers has finished a joke; then he takes it up and puts it somewhere else fairly handy while Mr. Travers gets rid of a little more badinage. So long as the invention of Mr. Travers lasts there is no particular reason why the picture should ever come to an end; however, sooner or later the author flags, and then the director unwinds the tangled skein as quickly as he can.

Mr. Travers has been constructing farces for some time for this team, and, perhaps because one has grown used to his technique or perhaps because he really is finding the pace a bit too hot, this latest effort appears to me to grow a little tedious much earlier than it should. There is, of course, the usual tomfoolery with Robertson Hare, who in the last picture, if I remember rightly, lost his trousers, and in this one loses his moustache. Ralph Lynn continues to say the wrong things to the right girl with an air of complete confidence. Gordon Harker, like the old oracle at Delphi, gives out pieces of cryptic wisdom whenever he is consulted and sometimes, unlike the oracle, when he is not; the wisdom being reinforced by an accent gigantically cockney or stupendously refined according to the circumstances.

One misses poor Mary Brough, and the combination of the safe has been altered in one other respect. Ralph Lynn no longer worships Winifred Shotter. The new leading lady is Lilian Bond, who has hitherto done her film work in America; she hasn't picked up an American accent, and she carries off the little she has to do with success.

The film is all about a jewel robbery, but the ramifications get so complicated before the finish that I defy anyone to guess with any degree of certainty what is going to happen next and why. This may be the author's intention, but I wish the humour was a little more tortuous and the plot a little less so.

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MUSIC**JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY**

By Herbert Hughes

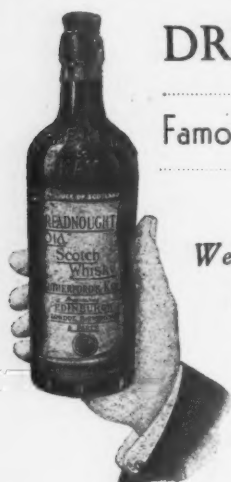
THOSE of us who listen much to music are perpetually up against the question of individual interpretation. We are aware that criticism is not, and is never likely to become, an exact science, for reasons that are all too obvious. As the years pass, our standards become more and more stabilised, and if we care deeply enough about great and serious music we cling to those acquired standards as ideal. We know pretty well, or think we do, precisely how a symphony of Beethoven should go; we do not admit two opinions, and resent any attempt at "interpretation" in the arbitrary manner of, say, Herr Furtwängler. Similarly with fine Lieder, sonatas, quartets, and so on: we demand careful singing and playing, we insist on complete fidelity to the text, and if we get anything less we retire in a state of mental stuffiness to our homes and (if in the mood) solace ourselves with gramophone records which happen to please us.

Here was Enchantment

These morose reflections occurred to me the other day on my way to attend one of Jean Sterling Mackinlay's matinees at the little Rudolf Steiner Hall. Most music was dope, I said, and most criticism pernicious, wasteful, poisonous. The mood passed the moment I entered. Here was fresh air. Here was enchantment. Here was an atmosphere in which sophistication was no ingredient. Was a professional critic not horribly out of place?

The stage was set for "The Twelve Days of Christmas" which Frederic Austin had so beautifully arranged many years ago. You remember the old song with its cumulative verses, and every verse a perfect poem? The audience was an audience of children, most of the children accompanied by grave or very sociable parents. The music belonged to the infancy of the world when criticism of the professional sort was unheard of, music that pretended to no highbrow abstraction.

It is Miss Mackinlay's unique gift that she can make her songs visible things. They are to her tragedies, comedies, episodes of some sort; and she does something more than merely mime them or dramatise them. She passes them through some occult crucible of her own in such a way that the result altogether transcends the art of the Lieder singer or the sonata player in imaginative power. Simple stage settings and a continuous variety of costumes are valuable factors that do not prevent scores of artists failing where Miss Mackinlay succeeds. Her technique and her skill in stage management (aided and abetted, no doubt, by her brilliant husband, Harcourt Williams) have now reached the point of being all that is desired. But her control of pathos and humour, in such songs, for example, as "The Nut Tree" and "Mowing the Barley" leaves the technique of the much gramophoned Lieder singer far behind.



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MOTORING

ROAD SURFACES AND ACCIDENTS

By Sefton Cummings

RECENT motoring statistics show that by far the most frequent cause of fatal accidents is skidding on a slippery road. This is a fact which is not very far removed from a scandal, because it has long ago been proved that it is possible to make a road surface which will not be slippery in wet weather, and at a reasonable cost.

Experiments are still being continued in this direction and those which are being carried out at present in the neighbourhood of Cologne are particularly interesting. Here stretches of road have been treated with a mixture of tar and sawdust, which is said to be exceptionally non-skid in wet weather and free from any tendency to soften under hot Summer temperatures.

This form of coating has the advantage, in Cologne at any rate, that the materials can be obtained cheaply and easily and that no expensive machinery is required. It is laid in three stages. First a coating of tar and sawdust is put down; then small, round discs of wood are driven into it, after which a final coat of tar and sawdust is applied.

Many other substances combined with tar have been tried in a search for a non-skid surface. Thus, in Scotland, jute has been mixed in and, in the Southern States of America cotton has been tried with varying degrees of success.

Better than Beacons

In spite of the present craze for beacons, pedestrian crossings, and the reactionary move towards speed limits, I have little doubt that if the slippery road were altogether eliminated accidents would be reduced to a greater extent than by all the other panaceas put together. Yet this is an aspect of his work that the Minister of Transport has either neglected or has seen fit to hide under a bushel in striking contrast to the glare of publicity which he has directed towards his beacons.

But there is another aspect of the case which needs to be considered, the rights of motorists themselves. The arterial roads were built out of money paid into the road fund from motor licences, which money it was specifically promised at the time should be devoted solely to improving the roads, a promise which has since been broken. The motorist, moreover, was told that the arterial road was to be a highway on which high speeds would not only be possible, but would be permitted.

Owing to lack of control, ribbon development set in, with the result that an immense mileage of these arterial roads will shortly be classed as built up, and a speed limit of thirty miles an hour imposed. This is grossly unfair on the motorist.

The Empire Week by Week

Surrender to South Africa?

The Protectorates.

IS England to surrender the Protectorates of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland to the Union of South Africa? Sooner or later a definite decision will have to be made by the Government, and in the meantime the natives of the protectorates are waiting in extreme anxiety to learn what reply the Dominions Secretary proposes to make to General Hertzog's request for a transfer of the government of their countries.

The manifesto against such transfer, written by the Bechuanaland chief, has been published by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, which is making a fight for the natives' rights. What we want now is someone to fight for Great Britain's rights.

"The natives are intensely loyal to the British Crown," Sir John Harris, Parliamentary Secretary of the Society told me. "To them, the sovereignty of this country is almost a religion."

"They are convinced already that the recent Status Act means the loss of the authority of the King over South Africa."

"As an example of the way in which the natives practically deify the British ruler, natives south of the Zambesi will tell you in their kraals that when Bulawayo was burnt to the ground the only thing untouched by fire or smoke was a portrait of Queen Victoria which decorated the native king's hut. Queen Victoria was, to them, next to the Deity, as the King is to-day."

Africa v. Britain

Sir John Harris declares that fundamentally the British Empire has been built up on equality of status, which the Union of South Africa denies to the natives. "In fact the Union denies them everything which makes life worth living," declared Sir John. "The native is not allowed to become a skilled worker, and politically he is without a vote, except in the Cape—where it is proposed to take it away from him."

"In the Protectorate, the native has freedom and native government, under the strict but friendly eye of Britain."

The fact of the matter is that the natives are politically content.

Will the Government be weak, as usual, and, now that South Africa is on its best behaviour, surrender its trust? If so, there will be trouble brewing in Africa before long.

B.A.

EMPIRE DIARY

Jan. 22—Royal Empire Society City Luncheon to Sir David Owen at Cannon Street Hotel, 1 p.m. Subject: "South African Trade and Transport Conditions." Chairman, Lt.-Col. Sir John R. Chancellor, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.

British Empire League. Address on "India's Industrial and Commercial Future," by Sir Harry Lindsey, K.C.I.E., C.B.E., Director of the Imperial Institute, at the B.E. Club, 12, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1, at 5 p.m.

Jan. 22—Women's Engineering Society, 20, Regent Street, at 6.30. Debate: Mrs. Mollison proposing, Mr. Mollison opposing, "That Record-breaking Flights No Longer Serve a Useful Purpose." Admission by Ticket.

Jan. 24—Imperial Institute. Illustrated Lecture at 2.30 p.m. "Towards the Kyber and Along the North-West Frontier," by Col. M. C. Nangle, Indian Army (Retd.).

Jan. 20-26—EMPIRE FILM DISPLAYS, IMPERIAL INSTITUTE CINEMA.

EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Mr. S. M. L. O'Keefe, the newly appointed High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, sailed from Cape Town for England, on January 15th.

The following have arrived:—

Australia.—Mr. A. N. Boulton and Mr. and Mrs. D. Dee, of Sydney; Mrs. H. Sheppard, of Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, of Tasmania.

East Africa.—A. M. Champion (Kenya Colony) Sports Club, St. James' Square; J. D. Jameson (Uganda), Pilgrim Hatch, Brentwood, Essex; Mr. Justice Lucie-Smith (Kenya), 12a, Maddox Street, W.; W. H. Evans (Nyassaland) Berners Hotel.

Canada.—Robert W. B. Jackson (Alberta); Mrs. Leroux (Montreal); R. C. Clarkson (Toronto); Regent Palace Hotel; E. A. Blade (Toronto); E. Stuart Johnstone (Vancouver), Overseas Club, St. James's; F. J. Burd (Vancouver), Hyde Park Hotel; Eric Boak (Victoria), 32, Craven Hill Gardens, W.2; Mr. & Mrs. C. A. Barber (Chilliwack, B.C.), Savoy Hotel; Frank S. Gilderaleve (Vancouver), Stanton House, Collington Lane, Bezhill; J. R. Duffy (Vancouver), 89, Cleveland Road, Ealing, W.13; Mabel S. Brown (Victoria), Park Lane, High Wycombe, Bucks; Aileen V. A. Hunt (Victoria), 5, Derwent Road, Eastbourne; Patricia Porter (Victoria), 3, Tregunter Road, S.W.10.

SILVER JUBILEE

The Merry Month of May

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to floodlight all of London's famous buildings and monuments during the King's Silver Jubilee celebrations in May, and the whole length of Regent Street, that wonder of architecture, is to be floodlit.

For Dominions visitors who are coming over for the Jubilee, and for people in this country as well, I have compiled the following list of attractions which, incidentally, is the only list yet published. I suppose more valuable weeks will be lost before an official programme is issued, although now is the time it would be most helpful.

There will be special B.B.C. programmes, including, it is hoped, a special Empire broadcast by the King. His Majesty will review the Army, Navy and Air Force.

May 6—Jubilee Day—will be a public and Bank Holiday, but "it is His Majesty's wish that the celebrations shall be as simple as possible, and all undue expense avoided." Even so, local authorities have been notified that they can meet reasonable costs for celebrations from the rates.

National Pageant

A national pageant in which 6,000 performers will take part is being arranged at Langley Park, near Slough—somewhat on the lines, I understand, of a Cavalcade of the King's reign—and a special account of King George's 25 years as ruler, written by Mr. Winston Churchill, in his best and most colourful vein, will be presented as a film. There will be a Royal Command performance of variety.

Boy Scouts, as usual, are doing their bit to demonstrate loyalty to the King and Empire. One and a half hours after sunset on May 6 a chain of beacons will be lit on the high lands all over the British Islands to mark the Silver Jubilee. If the night is clear, the traveller through England should be able to see the boys' tribute to their King at every vantage point at which he stops.

To mark the historic occasion, the Imperial Cadets Association, with the co-operation of the War Office, has invited cadets and officers to be its guests from Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the British West Indies. Other associations of youth will, it is expected, emulate this idea, and thus the young people of the Empire will establish close contact with the Mother country, many of them for the first time.

The City of London will lead the way in presenting a loyal address to the King and in London itself May and June will constitute a social season unparalleled in brilliance.

INDIAN "SAFEGUARDS" FROM THE GOVERNOR'S ANGLE

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

FULL provincial autonomy under the Committee's proposals is to be granted to the eleven provinces of British India.

The future Provincial Assembly (there will be a second Chamber in five of the Provinces) will be elected by an electorate representing roughly one-seventh of the population, of which at least three-fourths will be illiterate.

The Governors will select a Chief Minister from the dominant majority (Hindu in most Provinces, Muslim in a few), but important Ministers are also to be represented in the Cabinet.

The principle of joint responsibility is assumed, though how this is to be enforced when in every Province the line of political cleavage is fundamental between Hindus and Muslims, and in the Punjab between Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs—all pulling different ways—the Joint Committee, wisely perhaps, do not attempt to forecast.

Ministers' Advice

They content themselves by repeating the catchwords of British political practice, viz., that the Governor, as representing the Crown, must ordinarily be guided by the advice of his Ministers.

Is there any ground for assuming that Muslim, Hindu and Sikh Ministers will usually agree on a line of policy and all tender the same advice?

The Committee however define (para 74-78) a certain sphere in which the Governor, after receiving Ministerial advice, may dissent from or even act in opposition to it, if in his judgment the circumstances so require.

That sphere, known as the safeguards, covers:—

- (a) Prevention of grave menace to the peace and tranquility of the province.
- (b) and (c) Safeguarding the legitimate interests of minorities and of the Public Services.
- (d) Prevention of commercial discrimination.



Burma's Hardest Worker—the Elephant.

(e) Protection of the rights of Indian States.

(f) The execution of the lawful orders of the Governor-General.

On paper these "Special Responsibilities" look large; hence the outcry against them, of creating a Governor's dictatorship, by the Indian politicians.

In practice they will, as proved by the experience of similar provisions in the Irish Treaty of 1922, the Ceylon Constitution of 1930 and the Egyptian Agreement of 1922, be quite futile for the following, among other reasons:—

(1) The Governor will be an isolated official, often with little or no previous Indian experience, with no British colleague or counsellor in the

and there are not a few instances of such Governors, e.g., Sir Bamfylde Fuller in Eastern Bengal, having been thrown to the wolves as a sop to the anti-British agitators.

Lord Lloyd's Experience

Lord Lloyd, a distinguished Governor of Bombay (1918-22) and a brilliant High Commissioner in Egypt (1924-28), is perhaps better qualified than anyone in public life to estimate the value of safeguards.

This is what he said in the Indian Debate in the Lords on December 18:—

"Even when a safeguard has value and its operation is found to be necessary, there are an enormous number of powerful factors

Imperial Opinions

"I have heard it whispered that we are not British subjects any more—that we have cut adrift and virtually seceded. That is just the sort of bunkum that is being spread abroad to mislead people." — *General Smuts at Johannesburg.*

"The figure of Mercury between two hemispheres looks out of place on the 1s. 6d. stamp for the airmail to England. Shylock would have been more at home there." — *The Bulletin, Sydney.*

"It is almost entirely due to Sir William Gowers's caution and foresight that Uganda has not been ruined by the boom which came after the War, as have so many other countries." — *Sir Bernard Bourdillon, Governor of Uganda.*

"In any of our territories to-day the native can be assured of justice, a condition

of things scarcely known under the old chieftain rule. The native can now get free medical care, instead of being at the mercy of the witch doctor, and if his crops are ravaged by Nature, his Government will not see him starve. In fact, great things have been, and are being done to improve his lot." — *Report on African Affairs for 1933.*

"The menace (of terrorism) remains, and has intensified since the end of 1933. It is clear that the Communist International has by no means given up its plans against India or abandoned its general policy, and that should a favourable opportunity for expanding its influence occur it would eagerly take advantage of it." — *Government of India's Annual Survey ("India in 1932-33").*

Cabinet, with little or no British element in the Legislature to support him in most Provinces (the Punjab Assembly of 175 will have one solitary British member) and, above all, with no control over the various services, British and Indian, to whom he must trust to execute his policy; for all these will have been placed under the very Indian Ministers, whose dangerous policy has, *ex hypothesi*, compelled him to take action in discharge of his special responsibilities.

(2) In such conditions only a man of very strong will and iron nerve will have the courage to stand up against his Ministers and the Legislature, thereby exposing himself to a campaign of calumny and vilification in the press and on the platform.

(3) Even if he has those qualities, he has to consider whether he will be backed up by the Governor-General and the Government at home

which are used to influence the Governor against its use. First of all, he has to face immense opposition in his local Council, in the Press, probably, or possibly, from Delhi, and almost certainly from Whitehall. *I know from my own experience the kind of arguments which are so often used to shake the determination of the man on the spot.* One is asked to take a broader view; one is told, 'you were sent out because you had Parliamentary experience. I hope you will not forget our Parliamentary difficulties at this end. Remember we have an election in two years' time.'

"I remember struggling with a situation of immense complexity in Egypt when the Cabinet had agreed to every step I was taking, and yet at the last minute, 'Please remember our difficulties here. We do not want to hear

anything about Egypt and so on."

Lord Lloyd, as we know, had the strength in India to carry out his policy of bringing Mr. Gandhi to justice in 1922 in spite of an unwilling Government at Delhi and Whitehall; but in Egypt where his action would have saved the situation in 1928, he was shamefully thrown over by Whitehall.

When that is the fate of a statesman of his calibre, what likelihood is there that the future Governors of Indian Provinces—often men selected from purely party or political considerations and with no training in administrative responsibility—will be prepared to take the risks of enforcing their "Special Responsibilities"?

Empire Press in Conference

Reciprocity in News

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

WORK, play and entertainment are attractively proportioned in the programme for the fifth Imperial Press Conference, opening at Capetown on February 5 and concluding on March 21. Prominent in the agenda are three debates on Imperial communications, which the Empire Press Union's activities have helped to bring to their present point of speed and efficiency.

I see nothing in the agenda, however, to suggest that the conference is making any serious effort to put these communications to better purpose. By beam wireless, Press messages can now reach the Dominions in a matter of minutes, most parts of the Empire are included, too, in the network of the Imperial radio-telephone system, which is not as yet regularly employed for newspaper purposes because of the cost and riskiness of the spoken word.

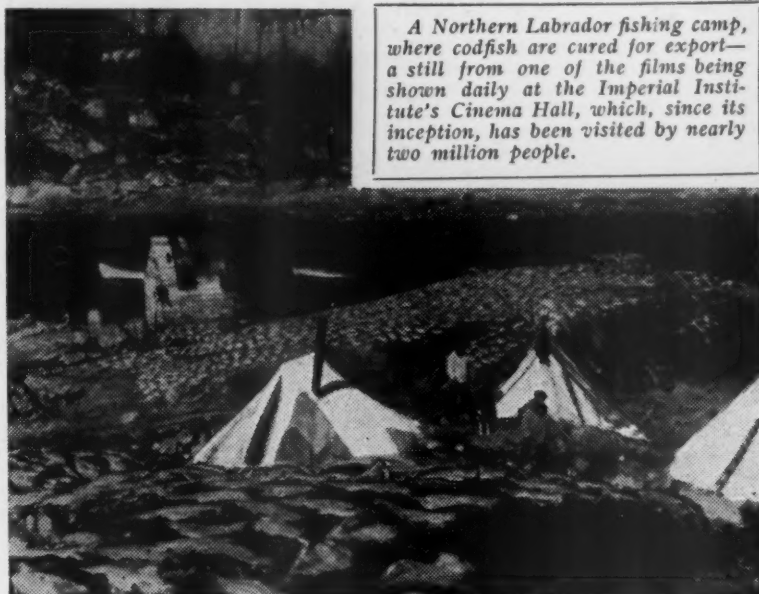
While communications have been cheapened and accelerated in recent years, there is little evidence of increased reciprocity in inter-Imperial news.

Fleet Street Attitude

The Press of the Dominions has always recognised the importance of a full and regular service of news from Great Britain. With a few notable exceptions in London and the provinces, the Press of Britain is not conscious of the overseas Dominions as the source of a continuous and varied supply of news with a close political and economic bearing on this country.

I have too much respect for the judgment of Fleet Street to suggest that really first-class news, "hot" front-page news (in which category cricket must regrettably be included), receives anything less than its due because it comes from Wellington or Ottawa or Canberra or Capetown.

What concerns me more is the absence of any continuity of publication of illuminating and important news which has nothing sensational



A Northern Labrador fishing camp, where codfish are cured for export—a still from one of the films being shown daily at the Imperial Institute's Cinema Hall, which, since its inception, has been visited by nearly two million people.

to frank it through to the light of day in the Press of London.

It would be no recommendation to me, as a journalist, that a particular item of news came from the Dominions. It must stand on its own legs, justifying itself on its news value.

Nevertheless, may not hard-boiled sub-editorial axioms on the relative worth of news from Peckham and Pretoria be due for revision in the light of modern Empire relationships?

News good enough for London is to be had from the Dominions, and Britain is entitled to more hard and fresh facts about her Empire. She might get them if a body with the authority of the Empire Press Union could introduce the regular exchange of British and Dominions journalists.

West Australia's Case

Effect of Statute of Westminster

By Sir Hal Colebatch,

Agent-General for Western Australia.

SEVERAL valuable references to the question of Western Australia's Petition for Secession, have been made from time to time in your columns.

One point that has received some consideration is the competency of the Imperial Parliament to consider the petitions.

The Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia may be divided into two parts—the Constitution itself, which may be amended by the Australian Parliament and people in the manner prescribed, and the Constitution Act establishing the Federation, which can be amended only by the Imperial Parliament.

The delegation is fortified by the opinion of high constitutional authority that the State of Western Australia is within its rights in presenting the petitions and that the Imperial Parliament is the only authority that can grant the desired relief.

But what of the Statute of Westminster? In certain quarters it is suggested that section 4 of the Statute of Westminster limits the competence of the Imperial Parliament to deal with this grave problem, since it declares that no Imperial Act shall extend to a Dominion, as part of the Law of that Dominion, unless such Dominion has asked that such Law be passed.

Such a view lightly disregards the fact that Australia has not adopted the Statute of Westminster.

Section 10 of that Statute specifically provides that certain sections—including Section 4—shall not apply to any Dominion unless they are adopted by the Parliament of that Dominion.

It is maintained by Western Australia that even if the Commonwealth Parliament adopted the Statute of Westminster, Section 8 of that Statute would still preserve the right of Western Australia to appeal to the Imperial Parliament, but the present position is that the Statute has not been adopted by Australia and that the Commonwealth Government has given an undertaking not to proceed to its adoption without consultation with the States.

Consequently, so far as Australia is concerned, the Statute of Westminster imposes no limitation on the powers of the Imperial Parliament. The granting or otherwise of the prayer of the petition is at the discretion of the Imperial Parliament, which passed the instrument of Union, and can amend it.

The Founder of Nigeria

THE *Saturday Review* was among the first to recognise the greatness of Sir George Goldie's work in winning and saving Nigeria for the British Empire.

Two years before the Crown took over that large tract of country from the Niger Company the *Saturday* found occasion to compare Goldie's work in Africa with that of Clive in India: without Clive we should have lost India; without Goldie to amalgamate the various Niger companies and force a charter out of a reluctant British Government we should have had to look on while France and Germany divided the whole of Western and Central Africa among themselves.

Goldie had an even greater ambition than that which the lethargy of Whitehall and the jealousies of continental Powers permitted him to attain. This was to found an African dominion from the Niger to the Nile and the Indian Ocean.

However, it took him five years to extort a charter from the British Government, and the immense energy he displayed in extending the Company's territories and in providing an efficient system of administration for them helped to intensify French and German hunger for African possessions.

With no help to be expected from Whitehall, Goldie had to be content with realising only part of his dream.

When the time came for the Crown to buy up, in his own words, "for a mess of pottage a great province, which has cost twenty years of arduous labour to build up and for which either Germany or France, or both, would have paid a very different sum," Goldie felt that his work was done.

He would not accept any of the many colonial appointments offered him; he sought no reward of any kind for himself; he even destroyed all his papers and did his best to discourage any complimentary references to himself in the Press, holding firmly to the principle that "*L'œuvre, c'est tout; l'homme, c'est rien.*"

This may account for the fact that hitherto there has been no biography published of this singularly modest Empire builder.

Lady Dorothy Wellesley (Lady Gerald Wellesley) has now, with the help of a historical introduction written by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, essayed to make good this omission by giving us her impressions of the man as she knew him from her early childhood days up to the day of his death ("Sir George Goldie," Macmillan, illustrated, 9s. 6d.). The picture she presents is of a man who "represented a rare combination of human qualities: idealism and practical genius. Idealist, because he was one of our few Imperialists, who, engaging on an enterprise of this magnitude and asking no personal gain, was actuated solely by his belief in English civilisation."

WHO'S WHO



The Honourable Richard Linton, Agent-General in London for Victoria, was born February 7, 1878, at Palmerston North, New Zealand. Was associated with Commerce in Australia for 28 years in a Wholesale Paper Machinery and General Merchants business. Retired in 1924 to devote his time to public service.

Founded the "Big Brother Movement" to encourage boys from the British Isles to take up a land career in Australia, and was Vice-President New Settlers' League. He was one of the originators and first Chairman of the Boys' Employment Movement, Melbourne, and Chairman of the Girls' Employment Movement. He was also the first Chairman of the Empire Day Movement in Melbourne. He presented the Linton Cup for Tennis Juniors. Was Secretary to Argyle Cabinet 1932-3; retired March, 1933, on appointment as Agent-General.

British Rule in the Sudan

Mr. Michael H. Mason discourses of many things in "Where the River Runs Dry" (Hodder and Stoughton, illustrated, 18s.). The book is nominally an account of a shooting expedition in the Sudan in the region between the Blue Nile and the Abyssinian Frontier, but it deals with a variety of topics besides sport.

In his introduction he pays a warm tribute to the white Sudan officials.

"Since the time of Gordon and Kitchener," he says, "men have been found to turn the Sudan into a land where the white man is really White. And now the Arab, the Dinka, the Berberine, the amphibious Nuer, the anthropophagous Zande—all these tribes, colours, tongues, customs and creeds have men set over them who make the folk of that vast Sudanese Empire not only fear and obey, but love the Englishman."



Horse Racing on the Ice—An exhilarating pastime at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Australian Defence—II.

Problem of Extensive Coast Line

By "Commodore."

THE problem of the internal defence of Australia is hedged about with difficulties. In a country where the distances are so great, any question of a military force strong enough to guard against possible invasion at any point along the immense coast line must automatically be ruled out of court.

Apart from the number of men which would be required for such a force, the transport difficulties and their relation to mobilisation and concentration are sufficient to condemn any such project in the eyes of any army commander.

The whole essence of modern military warfare is rapidity in mobilisation and concentration. Australia, with her three different railway gauges, presents a problem under this head which is insoluble and it is very unlikely, in view of the high cost, that any attempts at unification of the railway gauge will be considered for some years to come.

The great vulnerability of Australia from a military point of view lies in the extreme isolation of many of her industrial centres. For instance, Port Darwin in the Northern Territory is almost completely cut off from the rest of the continent except by a lengthy journey over some hundreds of miles of desert. Any necessity for a military concentration in this district would entail some days of preparation and in these times, such a delay would spell disaster.

A Strong Air Force

The wide choice of objectives open to any invading force points towards the development of the air as Australia's most potent method of defence.

Here again, the question is obscured by the vast distances to be covered, but it is in an efficient Air Force that the best chance of effective defence lies.

Naturally, the use of the air as a means of transport only cannot really be visualised since purely military measures against aggression are hardly practicable.

Australia's Air Force must be trained and developed to be able to strike at any invading force while it is still out at sea.

This, of course, would need a considerable increase in the establishment of the existing Air Force, but it is the only method which would bring the measure of security which Australia needs at the moment.

The question is of some urgency, for it is bound to take some years before an adequate force can be raised and trained to the requisite pitch of efficiency.

Australia fortunately already possesses many of the world's best airmen, and the people of the Commonwealth have no need to be taught to be air-minded.

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Examinations for the above take place in March each year.

Further particulars can be obtained from the Headmaster or the Bursar at the College, or the Secretary, Epsom College Office, 49, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

The inclusive School Fees are £155 p.a., with a reduction of £30 p.a. for the sons of medical men or women. The College Blue Book, containing full information about the School, will be sent on request.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Betrayal of India

SIR,—I only wish Lady Houston's clarion call to Conservatives on the subject of the betrayal of India could be printed in the largest possible letters and posted up in the Houses of Parliament, and in prominent places everywhere throughout the various constituencies.

As always, she has set out with remarkable lucidity and in cogent language, the vital issues at stake. Those who are giving their consent to the Government's White Paper madness are assuredly forgetful of the principles of true Conservatism—Loyalty to one's country and King and to the Empire. And it is as well, too, that they should be reminded, as Lady Houston so forcibly reminds them, that in accepting this new-fangled constitution for India, devised by all the devilish ingenuity of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and foisted on the Conservative Party by Mr. MacDonald's friend, Mr. Baldwin, they are in very truth handing over their kith and kin in India to "the cut-throat and the assassin."

As one who has spent the greater part of his life in India, and who has plenty of first-hand evidence of the increasing contempt with which the Englishman and Englishwoman have been treated in that country ever since the White Paper proposals were published, I would like to thank Lady Houston for drawing special attention to this particularly unfortunate consequence of making India "safe for Socialism."

Having saved India for the past two centuries from the perils of constant external invasion and having given her an internal peace such as she had never known in the whole course of her previous history, why was it necessary for the British Government to regard its own people as undesirable aliens in India? The races of India to-day are made up from the descendants of a series of foreign conquerors. The British were only the last of these conquerors, and it is to them, and them alone, that India owes all its present peace and prosperity.

Why then should the British alone of all the conquering races be excluded from sharing in the benefits which the British Raj has conferred on India? Yet that is precisely what the ultimate effect of the White Paper proposals will be.

The Englishman and Englishwoman are only to remain in India on sufferance. Being few in number they will be at the mercy of the Indian electorate and the Indian politicians who will manage and command that electorate's votes.

And as the British element in the Services is eliminated, there will be no one to whom the Englishman and Englishwoman can appeal for help against the spite of Indians anxious to show they are now masters of all they survey.

Where, one may well ask, will be the Safeguards for the British in India?
PLANTER.

St. James' Square, S.W.1.

Cheating the Electorate

SIR,—Some of the members of this (inter)National Government must have felt sore if they read Kim's article on "Double-Dealing" in your last issue. This is a case where the Truth must hurt.

As a Conservative voter, I can back his assertion that a powerful proportion of the electorate will not again be fooled into supporting a Government which has cheated them. It will take more, even, than another financial crisis brought on by the Socialists to stampede us into voting for a Conservative Government with a red Prime Minister and yellow Cabinet as its main components.

What is the record of the "National" Government? They are claiming that they pulled us through the crisis, but it was the patriotic English taxpayer who, as usual, came to the rescue. The large majority of taxpayers are Conservative.

Other "records" of this Government are the Geneva muddle, the India surrender, and the criminal folly of keeping our armed forces below the safety limit.

When will the electorate get a fair deal?
Imperial Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea. N. HOPKINSON.

A Tribute to Lady Houston

SIR,—Each of us (except the hopelessly lethargic, or smugly self-assured) is a potential David, out to overcome the particular Goliath of our small world!

But few, I dare swear, are as gloriously triumphant as Lady Houston.

It is *she* therefore I have made my own personal example. (We all have someone). I, who having undertaken what, to all outward and logical appearances, would seem a hopeless task—that of stirring a disinterested nation, and shaking many well and subtly founded beliefs, to an awareness of the widely thriving evil of cruelty to animals in our midst.

I, who am confronted with overwhelming odds in the shape of wealth, influence and consciencelessness, am daily spurred to fresh endeavour by the fine spirit of our Own-Law-Unto-No-Man, gloriously fearless Lady Houston.

That is why I should so very much like to be allowed to pay my humble tribute to this Joan of Arc of our times, who must, I am sure, be a *real* inspiration to us all.

HELEN TREVELYAN.

26, Woodfall Street, Chelsea.

Suggestion for a Poster

(From the Hon. Greville Le Poer Trench)

MY DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

May I thank you for publishing my letter about the Irish Treaty violations in your weekly. I received some literature from the Irish Loyalist Imperial Federation, for whom I may be able to do some small service in this country.

I noticed a poster "YOU shall decide! PEACE or WAR" in an English paper which seemed to me to be rather humorous.

The innocent passer-by is ordered to take either of two courses, both of which are, due to the ingenious antics of the National Government, impossible to follow! Peace could not be guaranteed for the simple reason that we have not at present the necessary strength to enforce it, and should the reader cast his lot for war he would have to ask himself, "Where are the aeroplanes, arms, ammunition, etc.?" They just *aren't*!

If posters of this type must decorate the hoardings, why could not someone take the cover of the *Saturday Review* (the designer, by the way, deserves the heartiest congratulations of everybody!), enlarge it to poster size, and invite the passer-by to decide whether he wishes to vote for a strong Conservative Government, serving the flag of our forefathers, or a continuation of the National Government's chicanery until the blue and white disappear from the Union Jack, leaving only the solid red field of Socialism and Communism?

GREVILLE LE POER TRENCH.

52, East 52nd Street, New York.

The Real Bulwark Against Socialism

SIR,—Articles by "Kim" in the *Saturday Review* are always patriotic, informative and interesting, that in this week's edition being exceptionally praiseworthy.

The present Parliamentary Conservative Party is, however, so shot-holed with Socialism, with mass bribery and with defeatism that the Conservative section of the electorate, the largest electoral body as was proved at the last General Election, will have little use for it on the next occasion unless the true Conservatives dissociate themselves from the invertebrate and sheeplike mass of inertness and fight the next issue upon Conservatism of the Joseph Chamberlain type.

There is one certain bulwark against erosive Socialism and that lies in the organisation of a Direct Taxpayers' Association or Union, to include a maximum membership of the four millions of direct taxpayers in whom is comprised the whole of trade and industry, who maintain the solvency of the nation, and who provide the whole of the employment of the people, from key down to subordinate positions.

Such an organisation would be justified from these facts alone, but its main title to recognition would be that these direct taxpayers represent the whole of the productive forces of the country.

Hitherto, these four millions of direct taxpayers have served as the milch-cow of political parties competing with each other in bribery of the masses for the purposes of place and/or profit for their leaders.

If, when the Socialist Party next gets the administrative bit between its teeth, there shall not be an organisation other than a miscalled National Party to stand up to them, then there is the moral certainty that this fraudulent pseudo-political scoundrelism will do damage to the industrial and economic fabric of the nation compared with which their disruptive efforts during 1930/1931 will seem trifling.

It is high time that four millions of direct taxpayers, otherwise the whole of the productive forces of the country, should wield a power and influence for patriotic and salutary objectives commensurate with their vital, because indispensable, services to Britain, and they can only assume this power and influence by mass organisation.

Their objects and aims would be insistence upon loyalty to the Throne; the preservation of British industry in the home market for British workers; the maintenance and consolidation of the units of the Empire including India; and insistence upon the maintenance of adequate defensive fighting forces on land, sea and in the air.

It has been represented to me that the organisation of a Direct Taxpayers' Association would smack of self-interest, but the commentary upon this is that no organisation has ever come into being devoid of this, the trades' unions and political parties being especially notable in this connection.

Seeing the overwhelming necessity for a power capable of preventing Socialism from ruining the country in general and the workers in particular, the time has arrived when the direct taxpayers of Britain should emerge from their individual impotence and should combine for the objectives which I have specified.

Unless they do so the future of this country in face of a Socialist rabble in control of government will be imperilled to the point of devastation.

58, Welbeck Street,
London, W.1.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

Teaching the Youth of the Empire

SIR,—Bolshevism grows, not in its strength, but by weakness in resistance.

Is it not opportune for a representative co-ordinating authority to be formed in regard to teaching youth their obligations as citizens of a proud Empire, and also to make known the many varied ways which a central committee could place at the disposal of all concerned with youth organisations?

Unity of effort replaces indifference.

There still remains need for more energy to recruit members and in particular, leaders for the admirable national societies, i.e., Scouts, Cadets, Clubs. A great amount of ignorance exists respecting the Empire, the need for its defence, and what the League of Nations is (a not infallible agency).

DOUGLAS MACARTNEY.

23, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.5.

Duty Free Petrol for Aviation

SIR,—It is excellent news that consideration is being given to the possibility of civil aviation using duty-free petrol.

Should not this proposal be linked with the steps which are being taken to promote the production of home-produced, duty-free oil by Imperial Chemical Industries and others?

It would be a wonderful thing for this country if it could be arranged that its home-produced, duty-free oil should all be diverted to aviation.

In that way, aviators would be supplied with duty-free petrol and aviation would be able to rely upon home-produced oil for its requirements.

THEO. FEILDEN,

(Director General, Empire Trade League).

212, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Memel Situation

SIR,—In my turn I should appreciate the privilege of space to comment upon Mr. C. B. Blacker's letter printed under this heading in your issue of January 12th.

I am afraid, however, it would require much more than you could conveniently spare to disentangle the strange medley of fact and fiction which Mr. Blacker has presented to your readers.

At the very outset he confuses the Versailles Treaty with the Memel Convention concluded in Paris on May 8th, 1924, between the Allied Powers, on the one hand, and Lithuania, on the other; it is the *Statute* forming an Appendix to this instrument, and not the Versailles Treaty, that specifies the object of the autonomy granted to the Territory, i.e., to confirm the traditional rights and culture of its inhabitants.

So much for Mr. Blacker's familiarity with the historical phase of the question.

Following this erroneous reference to the Versailles Treaty, Mr. Blacker makes the purely *ex parte* assertion that the inhabitants of this district—not merely the city of Memel—are "predominantly German."

Here again, the Allied Powers responsible for the Versailles Treaty do not agree with Mr. Blacker. In their reply of June 18th, 1919, to the German delegation, they distinctly stated that "the district in question has always been Lithuanian; the majority of the population is Lithuanian in origin and speech."

Did space permit, I could quote even German statistics themselves to show that, outside Memel City, a clear majority of the inhabitants are Lithuanian.

Mr. Blacker says that this German population is "being forced to give up all relations with Germany, both spiritual and material, in favour of relations with Lithuania which is a backward Slavonic State."

Mr. Blacker is at liberty to consider Lithuania "backward," but he should be ashamed to show himself so ignorant of ethnography, philology, and history as to style Lithuania "Slavonic." His German friends, had he consulted them, could have saved him from such a lapse. Some of Germany's greatest savants, including Goethe, Lessing, and Kant, were fully aware of the non-Slavonic origin and character of the Lithuanian people, as reflected in their language, which, of all surviving tongues, most closely resembles Sanscrit.

Mr. Blacker is guilty of yet another incorrect statement when he says that Protestant priests are not allowed to function in the Memel territory. Provided they are Lithuanian citizens, and not Germans imported from abroad—a wholly just proviso—Protestant priests may freely function in the territory.

Mr. Blacker *does* admit that National Socialism has manifested itself in the Memel Territory, but is seemingly so optimistic and naive as to expect that English readers, familiar with favourite Nazi methods, exemplified not only at home but in Austria and the Saar region, will believe that the Nazi leaders have been more scrupulous and fastidious in their choice of weapons in the Memel Territory.

The mass of evidence adduced at the trial of the 126 Nazi defendants at Kaunas, gives the lie to Herr Hess's supposed declaration that "no illegal means whatever are to be used in this district to further the National Socialist cause."

The implication that Lithuania, without justification or provocation, would deliberately and gratuitously embark upon a costly economic conflict with her powerful neighbour Germany, and fabricate a non-existent Nazi plot in the Memel Territory, is surely too stupid to deceive any open-minded publicist.

Mr. Blacker and his friends have a perfect right to criticise the policy of the Allied Powers in assigning Memel to Lithuania, but they have no moral right to abuse Lithuania for protecting herself against an externally-inspired conspiracy to rob her of the fruits of that policy.

E. J. HARRISON,

London Correspondent of Lithuanian

Telegraph Agency ("Elta").

10, Palace Gate, W.8.

Remedies for Adverse Trade Balance

(By Our City Editor)

THE December Overseas Trade figures were a cheerful wind-up to operations for 1934, for imports were only £104,000 up as compared with December, 1933, while exports rose by £3,870,818, so that there was some improvement in the visible adverse trade balance, though this still amounted to £25,000,000. On the year, however, the adverse trade balance increased by £27,000,000 to £285,000,000, for the substantial increase in the trade turnover was mostly accounted for by an increase of £57,000,000 in imports, exports increasing by only half this amount. It may be deduced from these figures that Britain is hardly obtaining her share of increased trade activity so far as exports of British merchandise are concerned, and to remedy the position a greater measure of protection seems indicated.

To offset the visible adverse balance, we must have an increased return on British investments abroad, increased shipping earnings, and higher payments for financial services rendered to foreigners. At the moment the Treasury policy in banning foreign loans largely prevents the first of these objects from being accomplished, while only increased international trade activity can bring a higher return for financial services. Shipping earnings are naturally not increased by the general protective policy in vogue throughout the world at present, and our only means of correcting the adverse balance of payments is to make more use abroad of British savings. When a move is made in this direction Britain's financial position will be stronger, and not weaker as the authorities seem to imagine.

Money Market Profits

The three joint-stock companies in the Discount Market—Alexanders, the National Discount Co., and the Union Discount Co., of London—have all maintained their dividends at the same rate as for 1933, and this despite the fact that discount rates have, by reason of the Treasury's cheap money policy, been at unremunerative levels for the greater part of the year. Alexanders' Discount Company's figures show that the status of the houses is changing to meet the difficult conditions imposed upon Lombard Street, inasmuch as bill holdings have fallen from £16,175,000 to £10,774,000, while investments have risen from £10,164,000 to £12,612,000. In other words, loss of business in bills has to be made up by jobbing in and out of short-term Government securities. In the case of Alexanders, this apparently proved very profitable, for profits rose to £617,631 for 1934, an increase of £209,824, and of this increase the directors have most sensibly placed £200,000 to an investment reserve. The National Discount also increased profits from £181,133 to £201,860 (net), though bills discounted shrank from £46,008,000 to £35,633,000.

A Gilt-Edged "Hedge"

It is to be hoped that the Discount houses, and more especially the smaller private firms, will be able to survive until a revival in international trade once more increases the supply of bills and brings the London Money Market organisation into full employment. The shares of the three Discount houses mentioned are a useful "hedge" against a fall in gilt-edged stocks, since the latter will almost certainly be compensated in the long run by increased discount business. Alexanders pay 19 per cent. on the £2 shares, £1 paid, which at 86s. give a flat return of £4 8s. 4d. per cent. The 6 per cent. £2 preference shares at 3½ yield only £3 13s. 9d. per cent. National Discount "B," which are of £7 10s. denomination, £2 10s. paid, receive in all 24 per cent. for the year, and at 13 they yield nearly 4½ per cent. The fully-paid £2 10s. shares carry a maximum dividend of 10 per cent. and yield nearly £3 17s. per cent., so that the liability for uncalled capital is amply discounted in the difference in the yields. The Union Discount £5 shares are £2 10s. paid, and at 12 7-16 they return just over 4 per cent.

Sound Lino Business

Michael Nairn & Greenwich Ltd., which controls the old-established Michael Nairn & Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum businesses, reports a most satisfactory expansion in profits for the past year, probably owing to the centralisation of the works at Kirkcaldy. After provision for taxation and all expenses, the net profit for 1934 was £230,291 compared with £191,882 for the previous year, and the dividend is again 12½ per cent. for the year. All through the depression the company maintained the 12½ per cent. dividend, which was earned each year with the exception of 1933, a record which, we imagine, is equalled by few other large industrial undertakings. The shares, at 64s., yield nearly 4 per cent.

National Building Society

The progress made by the leading Building Societies in the past year is remarkable, as is shown by the National Building Society's figures. Total assets, at £24,887,867, have expanded by £2,111,397 on the year, the major part of this expansion being due to increased mortgage assets, which are £1,919,282 higher. The amount advanced on mortgage was no less than £4,687,386, and the number of new mortgages, 7,558, was a record for the Society, whose general reserve has now been brought up to £1,000,000, reserves having been increased by £263,279 on the year. The embarrassment caused by "cheap money" to the building societies has been removed by the great demand for housing finance which Societies such as the National are in an ideal position to satisfy.